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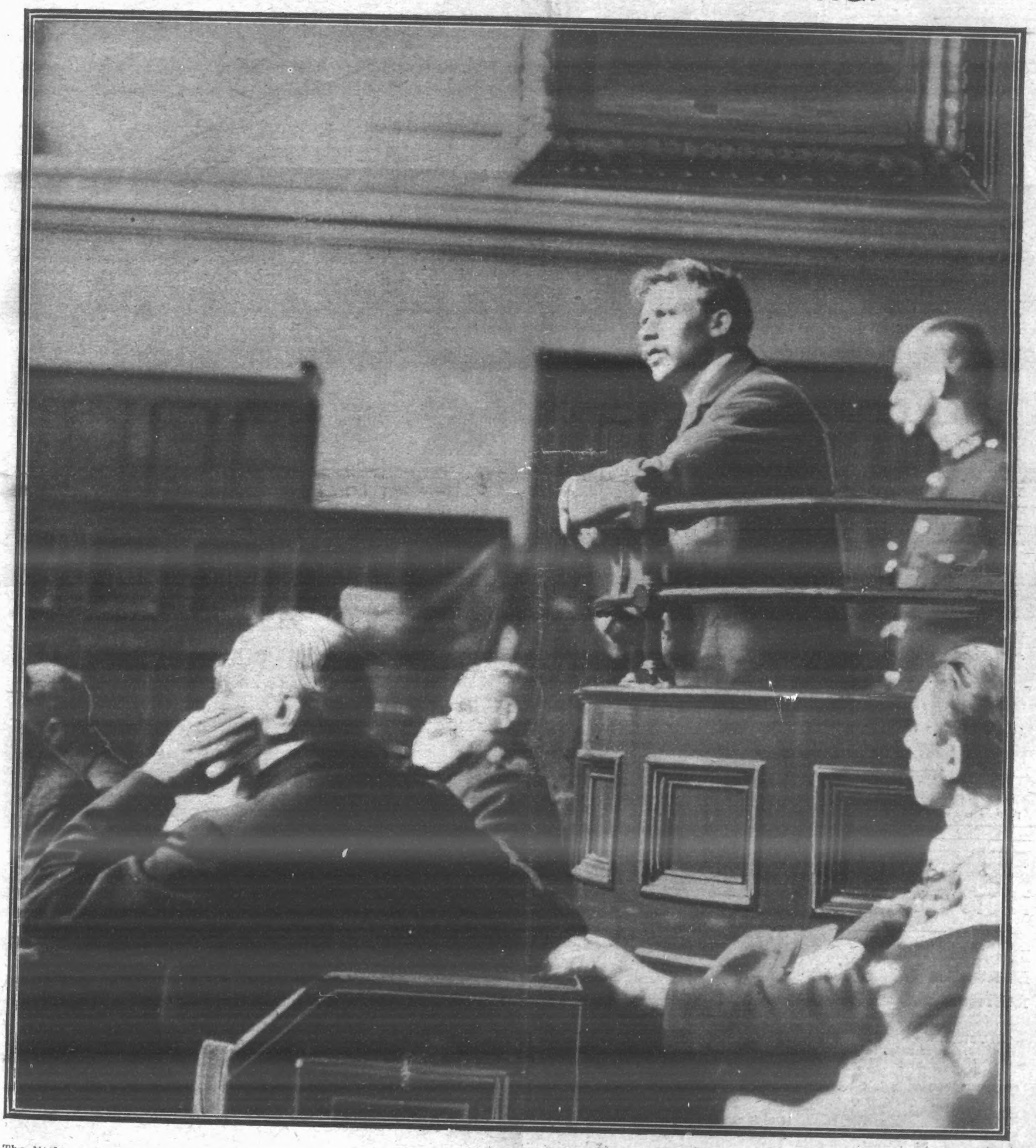

Photo. View and Portrait Supply Co.

The little court of Penkridge, in Staffordshire, was crowded when Hollis Morgan, pale and anxious-looking, but bearing himself well, appeared at 10.30 a.m. last Monday, charged, to use the official form, with "feloniously, unlawfully, and maliciously killing a horse at Great Wyrley on the night of August 26, or the early morning of August 27." Only a small amount of evidence was taken, the chief feature of the day's proceedings being the absolute denial, by Mr. R. A. Willcock for the defence, of all the evidence brought to support the charge against the accused. The magistrates decided, however, that Morgan should be again remanded until Saturday, bail being refused. To-morrow (Saturday) is looked forward to eagerly by the inhabitants of Great Britain, for it is felt that great developments must then take place. Our photograph is of Morgan in court.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Are Sham Fights Useless?

FOR.

IT is a rather established fact that the greater number of those who learn the theory of swimming on shore sink when they are thrown overboard. They are among the victims who disregard the maxim that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept. What is true in the one case is equally so in connection with our military forces. No amount of barrack-yard drill-ground training is of any real value, unless the soldier is at least occasionally to get his eye cleared and his muscles set in something as nearly approaching the conditions of actual warfare as circumstances and ingenuity permit.

The necessity for military manœuvres has been proved times out of number by the fact that it is practically unknown in a single instance for the most elaborately prepared evolutions to turn out as the pencil-and-paper tactician foresaw. Without taking the soldier out into the open country you cannot teach him to reckon with the unexpected; and without sending the officer after him it is impossible to shake the comfortable convictions of the armchair campaigner.

Those who follow military manœuvres on paper and ridicule them as childlike, have not the faintest conception of the endless instructive incidents that arise on the march, or the side lessons that are learned on the mimic field of battle. On paper they would appear too trivial to concern the training of a fighting force, yet, before now, a drove of sheep has upset the best-laid plans of the military expert, while the ease with which a wrong turning may put a whole battery out of active service has many a time taught Captain Cocksure the value of maps.

But sham fights are not only useful because they are

THE DRESS REHEARSALS OF WARFARE;

and their merit does not rest entirely upon the practical training they afford in carrying out orders, in cross-country marching, in camp life, and in testing the endurance of men and horses. These annual sorties offer the one real break in the otherwise monotonous lives of our soldiers in times of peace. At the present day we do not readily expect a lad to become a soldier because he is spoiling for a real fight—so much patience and hope does not rest in the average human breast; but we do believe and know that, to the recruit who is worth his pipe-clay, the prospects of the Autumn Manœuvres are a very real attraction. Equally do they deter the absolute wastrels from accepting the King's shilling, because they believe there is the possibility of having to face the conditions of actual active service.

Every officer in the British Army knows that playing at warfare brings out the real spirit of bis men. The slacker who grumbles if the transport goes astray, and the lagger who has a determined eye on the ambulance-van are not lost sight of. And it must not be forgotten that the manœuvres of which people speak so lightly are not infrequently attended by hardships which are far from sham, and the value of such training on the self-restraint and willing endurance of both officers and men cannot be overestimated. The impression that military manœuvres are little more than an extended picnic hardly corresponds with actual facts, of which the recent manœuvres afford a useful example. On several occasions, the transports conveying tents, blankets, and rations went astray, and in one case did not reach the men until the hour at which an armistice should have expired. If it had not been for the fact that the Director of Manœuvres had ordered a two hours' extension, the men would

A ROYAL MANŒUVRER: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AT THE SALISBURY PLAIN MANŒUVRES, TALKING TO A FOREIGN ATTACHÉ.

have been compelled to return to the fighting-line foodless, for all they had eaten was a residue of the previous day's rations. The night was so cold that the men had to light fires, around which they crowded to share the warmth. Officers who had only received their light baggage were lying with a rug on, or a blanket thrown over them, and were not enjoying the feather beds and champagne, without which, it was believed by some, they never moved.

Military manœuvres and sham fights are the only desirable means by which

OUR ARMY IS KEPT EFFECTIVELY BEFORE THE PUBLIC

in times of peace, and in those parts of the country in which military operations are carried out, enthusiasm invariably rises to an extraordinary pitch. In rural districts there is no more effective means of popularising the service; these are the occasions on every hand on which Tommy is made a welcome guest upon whom almost inconvenient hospitality is lavished. And the sweets of mimic campaigning not infrequently quite outweigh its hardships. They have, too, an extending influence which is not unknown to the recruiting sergeant, who is never far absent while the troops are gallantly taking the village by storm. It is the open admiration of the village which sends half its male population wild with the spirit of emulation, and fills the village lad with a stern determination to exchange his corduroys for the uniform of a grateful country.

AGAINST.

Upon a recent memorable occasion, when "reckless gallantry" was unloosed during the "War in Wiltshire," the Generals (who fled for their lives in the nick of time) were subsequently impressed by the cavalry charge with the view that, after all, shock tactics had not gone entirely out of date.

At length something has been learnt from a "sham" fight which was followed by an inquest. After all, as the Generals said, there is value in mimic warfare, provided men can become so enthusiastic over it that "the roar of the conflict is heard for miles around." But even under such favourable conditions as these, when men, we are assured, cast themselves into the fray like waves breaking on a beach, results are not altogether conclusive. For although once in a way the humour of mock militarism was put on one side in a "mad mêlée of men, horses, and ordnance," it has since been regretfully pointed out that what the actual outcome would have been only actual warfare could decide. Truly, from the spectacular point of view, this charge of cavalry was magnificent, but it was not sham war.

In considering the uses of sham fights, therefore, we must rule out this little suggestion for reform from the men themselves. To estimate the value to this country of playing at war we must take the normal aspect of our annual field-training. This writer has taken some part in such proceedings, always to be struck by two facts—namely, that the

PRIVATES WANTED TO FIGHT OR GO HOME;

and that the officers were there to prevent them from doing either. Under ideal War Office conditions, military manœuvres are the dullest and most tiresome proceedings imaginable. Tactics are carried out with something of the mechanical, soulless obedience of a party of adults being taught the quadrille. But results are less certain. At the close of a day's manœuvring it is ten chances to one that only a vague idea exists as to what has happened, or a message comes from headquarters in the heat of victory to state that the battle is off, because it was fought on close ground.

To keep up the spirits of the opposing Reds and Blues makes too great a tax on the imagination of all concerned. The blood of a schoolboy could hardly be made to tingle at the news of an onrush of troops, and the belching forth of forces at the local railway station, when the entire fighting body consists of a score of painted boards, lines of red tape, and strips of paper. The mockery and absurdity of the whole thing tends to make the soldier ashamed of his calling.

The taxpayer is certainly not impressed by any amount of blank-cartridge fusillading. Every round which is fired over a turnip-field comes out of his pocket, and he will be called upon to pay for the turnips as well, if they are sacrificed contrary to regulations. That the cost of our autumn manœuvres is ever repaid by the experience gained in imaginary encounters none can believe for one moment. The troops are usually in ignorance of what is going forward, and what they experience of the hardships of campaigning could be taught by route-marching. The actual "fights" in themselves are as blank as the cartridges fired for all they teach of the practical side of gunnery, and we cannot by any amount of reasoning convince ourselves that troops that have been through a series of sham fights would be the better able to handle their rifles in the event of warfare than those who had only received gunnery instruction at the butts.

In favour of our system of mimic warfare the plea is urged that it serves to arouse an interest concerning the Army throughout the country. But can anyone who seriously contemplates our troops in the field on these occasions declare that they stir the breast with martial enthusiasm or patriotic pride? It is true that the presence of soldiers awakens a certain amount of local curiosity, and if dust and perspiration have not done their work, a degree of feminine admiration may not be absent. But when we count the cost, we are bound to question the wisdom of

ENTERTAINING THE COUNTRYSIDE OUT OF THE NATIONAL PURSE

when there are so many private individuals ready to achieve the same end and put money into their pockets over the business.

The sham fighting which we indulge in cannot be expected to strike apprehension into the breasts of foreign Powers. Our handful of soldiers sprawling over the field is not an impressive revelation of strength, and as a spectacular display it is thoroughly dwarfed by the magnitude of the "Kaiser Manöver" in Germany alone. Only too often, it is to be feared, our manœuvres are a source of mild amusement to other countries, if they do not serve as an exposition of weakness; and there is also the grave danger, which our slack system of frustrating espionage allows, of foreign military spies accepting an excellent opportunity of estimating the capacity of the British Generals as tacticians and the ability of those beneath them as men of judgment and resource in the open field.

NOT A FIELD OF DEAD AND DYING,
BUT MEN OF THE HAMPSHIRE YEOMANRY RESTING. THE ENEMY IS NOT VISIBLE.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

IT seems that electricity is destined to occupy a very important and permanent place as a healing power. There is no doubt of its ability to cure many weaknesses. In fact, by its aid, nearly all the usual maladies that afflict mankind can be speedily eradicated. Some astonishing facts have been brought to our notice concerning the work being done by the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery, sold by the British Electric Institute, 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Some truly wonderful cures have resulted. Cases of chronic rheumatism, lumbago, stomach and bowel troubles, etc., seem to be cured as easily as though they were ordinary colds. What electricity does for nervous wrecks is best told by the thousands who have gained perfect health through it. There is not the shadow of a doubt that electricity will do, in many cases, what medicine cannot do, and it seems destined to become the controlling factor in the health problem.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*

Our Short Story.

THE WAIF OF HOOKHAM CORNER.

By NORMAN M. GODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE weather was still summer-like at Hookham Corner, though a roughish wind had risen with the coming of night, but on the hearth of the Beef and Pickle cosy a great fire of logs burned and crackled cheerily, for the frequenters of the inn believed in comfort. Mr. Kimmins, the village oracle, his old eyes puckered up to avoid the glare, in which he basked like an old dog who has had his day of work, pipe in mouth, his legs stretched out towards the blaze, a mug of beer handy on the hearth, occupied his usual seat. Tim Noakes the cobbler was there, too, and Ben Sturge, the ruddy-faced host of the inn. Half-a-dozen others of the villagers had dropped in at different times, but the blacksmith, who rarely missed being in the cosy at about that hour, was a notable absentee.

"A anxious time," Ben Sturge remarked, reaching out a heavy boot and kicking the logs into a blaze, which lit up the toil-hardened faces of the company and the age-blackened beams above their heads.

"Aye, that it be, Ben," Tim Noakes agreed, nodding towards the blaze sagely. "Ain't it, Mr. Kimmins?"

Mr. Kimmins refreshed himself from his mug before answering, and coughed harshly as the smoke from the fire got mixed up with his beer.

"Bacheldors don't know nothin' 'bout it," he vouchsafed. "You an' Ben don't know no more'n babbies 'bout sich things—p'r'aps less."

"In course, in course, Mr. Kimmins," Ben Sturge said hastily; "Tim an' me ain't never bin married; Tim was crossed, an' I'm comfortable eno' as I am. Lor, 'ow it do blow."

It seemed that Ben Sturge was desirous of changing the subject, but Mr. Kimmins had scented the beginning of an argument, and was only too ready to carry it on. Ben Sturge shifted his considerable bulk uneasily.

"It do blow, Ben," Mr. Kimmins agreed, wagging his ancient head dismally, "an' if I was choosin' ter be a father I 'd ha' liked a quieter night."

"The ways o' Providence," Ben Sturge put in oracularly, pausing while an exceptionally heavy gust of wind howled down the wide chimney, "are—er—the ways o' Providence—not as I wants ter lay down the law 'bout it."

"In course, in course," Tim Noakes murmured.

Mr. Kimmins puffed so savagely at his pipe that he brought on a fit of coughing, and had to be vigorously thumped on the back by Ben Sturge before he wholly recovered.

"It 's a rum thing," he panted, wiping the tears from his eyes with the cuff of his sleeve, "'ow men as ain't never bin married 'll talk at times like this 'ere."

Mr. Kimmins' tone of contempt roused even the patient Tim Noakes.

"You never 'ad a babby," he said sharply, "though you 'ave bin married."

"No, thank 'Eaven," Mr. Kimmins agreed fervently. "'Oo wants 'em a-squallin' 'alf through the night? I don't."

It is possible that the argument would have been carried farther had not the door opened at that moment, and the blacksmith, panting but jubilant, hurried in. The wind chased after him, but he shut the door vigorously in its face.

"Seven p'und!" he panted. "Seven p'und clear!"

"Boy or gal?" Ben Sturge queried eagerly.

"Colt," the blacksmith answered proudly, dropping into his usual seat.

"Congratulate you, old man!" Ben Sturge cried heartily, as he rose leisurely to fetch a mug of beer for the happy father.

"Same 'ere," Tim Noakes said, pumping away at the blacksmith's hand.

Mr. Joshua Kimmins appeared to be sunk in deep thought, but he roused himself sufficiently to look dismally at the beaming blacksmith. At any time the blacksmith was a fine figure of a man in his prime, and to-night he looked little short of impressive. There had not been a baby in Hookham Corner for close upon twelve months, though in past years there had been enough.

"'Ealthy?" Mr. Kimmins mumbled.

"Sound in wind and limb," the blacksmith answered proudly.

Mr. Kimmins relapsed into silence again, a silence that seemed to depress all the others present. The wind, buffeting its way down the chimney, set some bunches of herbs dangling from the rafters rustling eerily.

"It 's early days yet," Mr. Kimmins muttered, as Ben Sturge came in with the beer.

"Early fer what?" the blacksmith asked nervously.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'," Mr. Kimmins answered, with the air of an undertaker making a stock-joke. "I was on'y a-thinkin' what a sight o' illnesses babbies 'as."

The blacksmith's red face fell, he grew despondent, and his hand trembled as he took the mug of beer.

"They—they don't all 'ave 'em," he said hopefully, "same as all dawgs don't 'ave distemper, Mr. Kimmins."

Mr. Joshua Kimmins, mug in hand, rose to his feet and surveyed the company. His face was positively funereal in expression.

"'Ere 's to our worthy friend," he mumbled, "an' the babby—glad it 's 'is, don't like 'em meself — may it live"—Mr. Kimmins sighed deeply, and fixed his eyes upon the blacksmith—"to be as good a man as its father."

The toast was drunk in silence, and a gloomy fit descended upon the company in the cosy and fairly took possession of it. Mr. Kimmins smoked moodily, Ben Sturge fidgetted in and out of the room, while the blacksmith looked sufficiently depressed for the whole party. Tim Noakes was as the echo of them all.

"What 's that?" the blacksmith exclaimed suddenly, starting to his feet.

"The wind," Mr. Kimmins growled. "'Owls like a banshee, don't it."

The blacksmith shivered, and moved towards the door, just as a sound, very much like a faint cry, penetrated to the cosy.

"I 'm goin' 'ome," he announced dejectedly. "Good-night."

"Hum—don't seem kind o' cheery over it, do 'e?" Mr. Kimmins grumbled; "ain't grateful fer the——"

The door was thrown open, and the blacksmith, carrying something wrapped in a grey shawl, re-entered.

"A babby!" Ben Sturge gasped, staggering back as if he had suddenly caught sight of a mad dog.

Mr. Joshua Kimmins rose leisurely, put his pipe down on the seat, finished his beer, and crossed over to the group gathered round the blacksmith. He prodded the bundle with a finger gnarled by rheumatism, his hard face screwed up like a brown, withered apple.

"Its a babby," he announced, with solemn conviction.

"In course, Mr. Kimmins," Ben Sturge agreed, pulling nervously at his whiskers, "but 'oo's is it?"

The baby, who was wide awake, and staring inquiringly at the blacksmith, opened its mouth wide and howled vigorously.

"Give it ter me," Mr. Kimmins said gruffly; "you 're a-'oldin' of it wrong."

Whether it was the way the old man held it, or merely the change, the baby certainly stopped crying, and Mr. Kimmins chuckled as he carried it to his seat by the fire.

"It 's took ter me," he announced gleefully.

The company seated itself gingerly on the edges of the benches, just as it did when in the presence of the parson or the squire.

"S'pose it 's a fondling," Ben Sturge suggested, after a pause.

"'Bout a yearlin'," the blacksmith answered, with the air of an authority.

Tim Noakes contented himself with nodding in eager assent.

Mr. Kimmins drew a large and very ancient watch from his pocket and held it close to the baby's ear. It crowed and struck out with its little clenched fists, until the fingers of one hand caught Mr. Kimmins' long grey hair.

"Ain't it took ter me?" he chuckled.

"But what 's ter be done wi' it?" Ben Sturge said heavily.

"Usual ter give them fondlings ter the police," Tim Noakes was moved to suggest, then hastily buried his face in his beer-mug, quite frightened at his own temerity.

The blacksmith bent down and stroked the baby's face with a massive forefinger, but Mr. Kimmins drew it away jealously.

"Leave it be!" he snapped.

"If it weren't fer things bein' as they be," the blacksmith said calmly, remembering that the fact of his being a father must give him some rights to be regarded as an authority, "I'd ha' took it 'ome ter the missus."

Mr. Kimmins rocked the baby gently, crooning to it in his old, cracked voice, a lullaby that he must have heard many, many years before, and it fell placidly to sleep. He rose carefully to his feet and shuffled towards the door.

"Where are you goin', Mr. Kimmins?" Ben Sturge asked, in great surprise. "It aint near your time yet."

"'Ome," Mr. Kimmins whispered, with rather a dogged air.

"Wi'——wi' the babby?" the blacksmith gasped.

"Wi '——wi ' the babby?" Tim Noakes echoed stammeringly.

Mr. Kimmins drew a corner of the shawl over the baby's face.

"Aye," he answered, glaring at the company as if afraid that one of them might try to stop him.

Every eye was turned upon Mr. Kimmins as he shuffled slowly towards the door.

"Good-night," Ben Sturge recovered himself sufficiently to say.

"'Ush!" the blacksmith roared, in a voice as powerful as his own furnace bellows.

The baby opened its eyes again, and, the shawl falling away, fixed them in a knowing stare on the old man's face, and crowed.

"Lor," Mr. Kimmins murmured gleefully, "aint 'e took ter me."

CHAPTER II.

A PARTNERSHIP.

MR. KIMMINS, arrayed in shirt, trousers, and a pair of very ancient carpet slippers, was shaving himself. His face was well lathered, and he was peering into a small looking-glass, hung from a nail close to the little window, when a shrill cry from the direction of the bed caused him to put his razor down hastily and shuffle across the room.

"Now, I did think, my lad," he observed, as he picked the baby up from the centre of the tumbled bed, "as 'ow we understood one another arter a week."

The baby gurgled, and smudged its hand over Mr. Kimmins' face, thereby rubbing some of the soap into his mouth.

The old man carefully laid the child down, wiped the soap from his lips, and wagged a warning finger at it.

"Now, look 'ere, Josh junior," Mr. Kimmins said impressively; "I did think as 'ow yer knew as 'ow I don't 'old wi' no larks while shavin'. Ain't yer aware o' that fact—ain't yer?"

Josh junior, as Mr. Kimmins had christened the baby, stared enquiringly at the old man, gazed thoughtfully around the room, then his eyes blinked, as if rather surprised by the three gaudy chromos and the four-year-old calendar with which the walls were adorned, and apparently dropped off to sleep again.

Shuffling as quietly as possible across the room, Mr. Kimmins pulled the blind half-way down, stopped the pendulum of the old-fashioned, noisy-ticking clock, and picked up the shaving-brush, the soap on his face having dried.

"Josh junior ain't no fool," Mr. Kimmins mumbled, with a grin, as he re-lathered his face, "me an' 'im will get on purty well when"—the old man took up the razor—"he un'erstands as 'ow—"

A whimper from the direction of the bed made Mr. Kimmins drop the razor and hasten to the child, his loose slippers flapping noisily on the boards.

"Lookee 'ere, Josh junior," the old man said, almost pleadingly, bending down and shaking his grey head in mild remonstrance, "you don't 'ave ter shave yet, not by a long chalk, but yer old man does. Lie quiet."

Josh junior dabbed upwards with a pink fist, grabbed a handful of soap, and sucked it, with a reflective air, off his fingers.

"Drop it, it ain't good fer yer, Josh," Mr. Kimmins protested helplessly, "it ain't, reelly."

The baby, evidently liking the flavour of the soap, thrust his little fist up again, but the old man dodged nimbly.

"No yer don't," he chuckled; "if that 's the game, my lad, we 'll 'ave ter stop it."

"I sha 'n't shave! 'Ear that? I sha 'n 't shave!"

Having wiped the soap from his face, Mr. Kimmins finished dressing, carried the baby into the kitchen and living-room, and set about preparing the breakfast. This did not take long, but the feeding of Josh junior with milk occupied a full hour. After finishing his meal the baby fell asleep, and Mr. Kimmins hastily bolted his own breakfast, one eye on his plate, the other on Josh junior, whom he had placed on the floor for safety.

After clearing away as noiselessly as possible, Mr. Kimmins picked up the sleeping child and carried him into the patch of garden which surrounded the cottage. It was a fine, warm morning, and, laying the baby on a small patch of grass near the gate, Mr. Kimmins seated himself on an old tub and leisurely filled his pipe. Once or twice he glanced guiltily at the baby.

"Funny thing as 'ow Josh junior don't like smoke," he mumbled between puffs. "Don't seem ter take arter me there. I'm thinkin' 'is owd man must ha' been summat of a owd 'ooman."

Sam Weather, the village postman, paused by the gate, rested his elbows on the top rail and grinned at the old man.

"Aint seed you at the cosy recent, Mr. Kimmins," he said.

"Aint likely to," Mr. Kimmins answered shortly, winking at the baby, who had just opened his eyes. "Bin reformed; buys milk 'stead o' beer, don't we, Josh?"

"E's a fine kid, anyways," Sam Weather ventured. "Reckon as 'ow 'e's a bit of a 'andful for yer, Mr. Kimmins."

"Summat ter do, summat ter do, Sam," the old man answered tersely, rising and taking a sudden interest in the cabbages. "Dang them slugs!"

"Now, if the missus was alive it'd be different," the postman continued reflectively, "but she's in 'Eaven, so——"

"'Ow do you know?" Mr. Kimmins snapped, looking up from the cabbages, "leastways, I mean, aint you deliverin' them letters this mornin'?"

"Nigh fergot 'em a-lookin' at that kid," Sam Weather admitted calmly, "'Mornin', Mr. Kimmins."

Mr. Kimmins sat thoughtfully eying Josh junior after the postman had taken his departure; he allowed his pipe to go out, and his bushy brows were drawn low over his eyes. Now and again he stared down the road to where the "Beef and Pickle," a small "general" shop, and a score or so of cottages stood, the red glow of the sun on their tiled and thatched roofs.

"I tell yer what it is, Josh junior," he said at last, "Sam's a fool, but 'e 'as 'is moments."

Mr. Kimmins picked the child up gently, and rocked him on his knee. There was a curious twinkle in the old man's eyes, the light of which seemed to be growing young again.

"Now, 'ow would Martha Tidwell suit yer as a mother?" he queried quite seriously. "No?—couldn't be done. Then there 's Betsy Saunders — no? 'Ow about Mother Lane?"

Josh junior gurgled with delight as the old man tickled him.

"Seem ter like the idea, don't yer," Mr. Kimmins chuckled. "All right, we 'll be gettin' along there now."

Having fetched his ancient beaver hat, reserved for Sundays and special occasions, and put a flower in his buttonhole, Mr. Kimmins sallied forth with the baby in his arms. Mother Lane's "general" shop, of which the widow was sole proprietor, did not lie far away, but Mr. Kimmins encountered more than one of his old cronies, all of whom grinned broadly, before reaching his destination, and he looked distinctly relieved when he had stumbled down the two steps into the shop.

Mother Lane, a stout woman of fifty, was wedged in behind the small counter, which looked as if it had been built round her. Over her head dangled strings of onions and bunches of herbs, on her left was a tub of primrose-yellow butter, on her right was a jar of gaudily-coloured sugar-sticks. Between the butter and the sweets lay a snuff-box, forming a kind of connecting-link.

"Why, Mr. Kimmins!" Mother Lane cried, in a voice made thin by good living, "if you ain't got the blessed babby with you."

"Aye, this is Josh junior," Mr. Kimmins admitted with a grin. "Let 's see you 'old it, mother."

Mother Lane took the baby readily enough, and Mr. Kimmins, producing his pipe, and leaning against a pile of

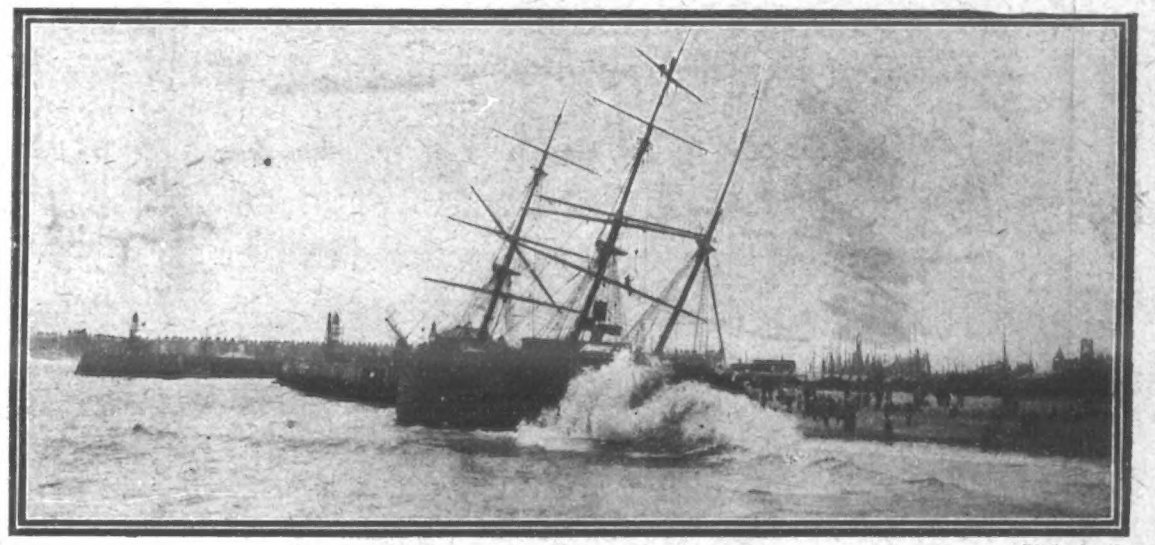


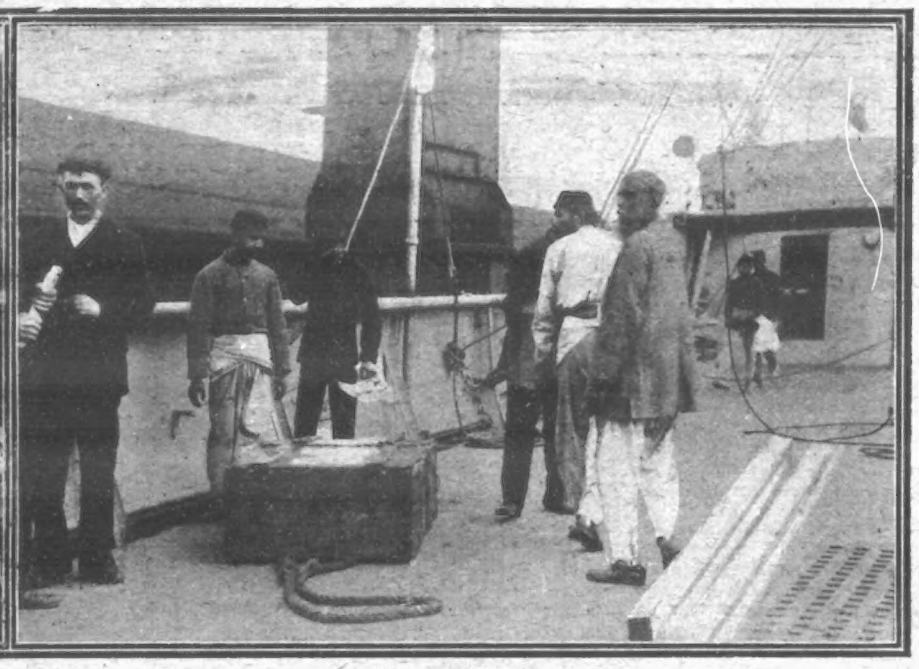
Photo. Blyth.

BARQUE WRECKED AT LOWESTOFT

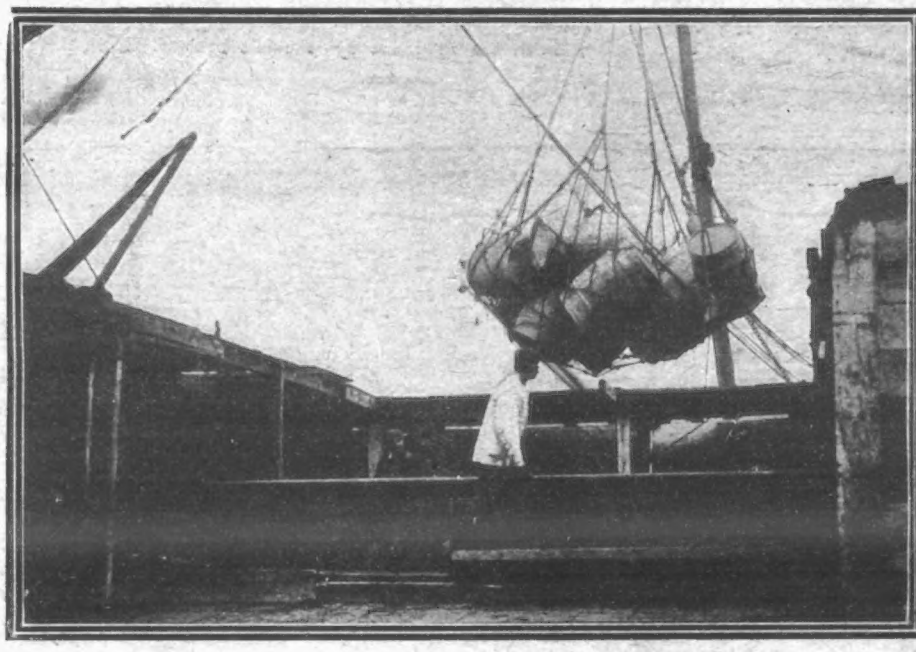
The Norwegian barque "Fornjot," of Christiania, was wrecked at Lowestoft last week by the breaking of the tow-rope when she was being towed to sea. She was bound to Christiania, and was in tow of the tug "Lowestoft," which had got her out into the South Roads, when the wire hawser parted, and she rapidly drifted to the shore.

FOOD FROM OUR COLONIES: SCENES AT THE DOCKS.

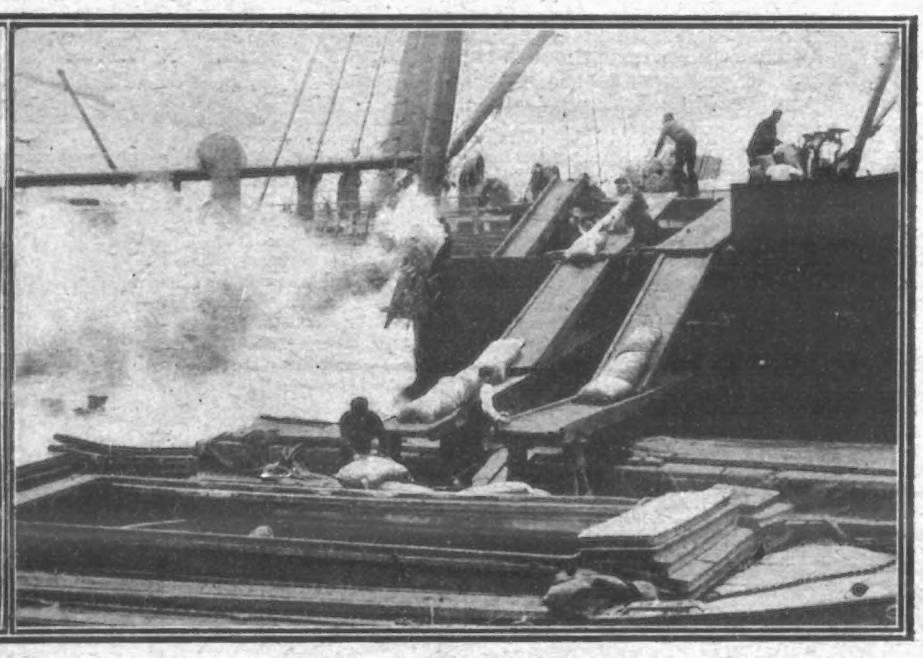
FILLING SACKS WITH CORN FROM CANADA.



IMPORTS OF SPICES FROM INDIA



A GOOD CATCH OF APPLES FROM TASMANIA.



FLOUR ARRIVING FROM A FAR-OFF COLONY.

LIGHTERS LOADED WITH GINGER FROM JAMAICA.

A SHIPLOAD OF MUTTON FROM NEW ZEALAND.

biscuit-tins, lit up with an air of profound satisfaction.

"Looks a perfect picter," he observed.

"Don'tee be foolish, Mr. Kimmins," Mother Lane protested. "Lor', it 's a sight o' years since I nussed a babby."

"Ain't got yer 'and out, anyway," Mr. Kimmins said encouragingly. He glanced across at the windows of the "Beef and Pickle," which glistened invitingly in the sun, and sighed softly.

"A 'ooman don't seem right 'less she 's nussin' a babby. A man ain't built fer it, an' he misses—other things."

Mother Lane positively blushed.

"Dearie me, not at my time o' life," she protested faintly.

Mr. Kimmins removed the pipe from his lips, and took off his ancient beaver. There was a look of determination on his wrinkled face, and something rather wistful in the expression of his eyes.

"Lookee 'ere, mother," he said, "I aint a boy, you aint a gal, though yer be years younger nor me. I'm got a bit o' brass, you've got the shop. What d'yer say ter gettin' married an' sharin' the babby?"

In her astonishment, Mother Lane very nearly dropped Josh junior into the butter; then she held him closer and kissed him.

"You ain't playin' one o' your jokes, Joshua?" she demanded.

"Say the word, mother," Mr. Kimmins answered solemnly, "an' I 'll see t' passon now. Willee take me?"

Mother Lane looked down at Josh junior, and kissed him again.

"All right, Joshua," she agreed quietly; "I'm thinkin' as 'ow I'll take you an' the blessed babby."

Mr. Kimmins grinned triumphantly, smoothed his beaver hat, relit his pipe, and moved towards the door.

"I'll go an' see t' passon now, mother," he said gleefully, "when I ha' called an' told Ben the noos."

Mother Lane kissed Josh junior for the third time, then turned her eyes to where Josh senior was jauntily strolling across to the "Beef and Pickle."

"Bless Josh an' the babby," she murmured softly, and kissed Josh junior again.

THE END.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

By THE PROMPTER.

WHETHER Mr. Hall Caine's revised version of "The Christian" is likely to serve a really useful educational purpose is, I think, somewhat doubtful, but one thing is quite certain, and that is that the Lyceum Management have secured an assured financial success, for, with the possible exception of "The Belle of Mayfair," I cannot remember, in recent years, any play which has obtained so much advertisement in the Press free, gratis, and for nothing. Personally, I infinitely prefer the book to the play, but the latter has, at any rate, from the managerial point of view, "made good" in that it has set people talking—a much-to-be-desired state of things which, I well remember Mr. George Alexander telling me not long ago, "is half the battle in theatrical management."

***

Artistically, however, "The Christian" is not a good play; in fact, it is melodrama, and not very good melodrama at that. In preaching the doctrine that man is always the tempter and woman always the victim, Mr. Hall Caine is merely propounding a theory which most "thinking people" have long since realised is totally untrue. The characters in the play, too, are decidedly stagey—mere things of the theatre, in fact; and John Storm, good, earnest priest that he is, does not impress me as a real human being. Still, although no individual reputations have been enhanced through the latest Lyceum success, the play, on the whole, is well acted, and, judging by the number of clergymen who nightly help to fill the theatre, it has aroused the curiosity of many members of the Church.

***

I am glad that Mr. George Alexander, who commenced his autumn tour with Mr. A. W. Pinero's delightful play, "His House in Order," at Blackpool last Monday, has been playing to overflowing houses nightly. Truth to tell, just at the present time, in theatrical circles, more money is being made in the provinces than in London, with one or two exceptions, of course, as for the past year or so there has been a pronounced slump in London theatres.

***

Mr. Seymour Hicks, who took Miss Zena Dare and "The Beauty of Bath" company to Dublin for the Horse Show week, broke all financial records in the capital of "the disthressful country," more money being taken at the box-office during the week than has ever been "secured" before by any other company. Messrs. H. B. Irving and Lewis Waller, too, have, I learn, been doing immense business in the provinces, which, alas! is more than the majority of London managers can say just now. Still, it must be remembered that this is the quietest season in the year in the Metropolis, but, all the same, that fact alone is not wholly responsible for the much-complained-of bad times. Can it be that there are too many theatres in London now?

***

In England plays and players invariable receive fair play at the hands of theatrical critics, but, unfortunately, such is not always the case in America, for I recall having read from time to time a number of most unjust notices in the leading journals across the water. But why slate a man for no rhyme or reason, especially when he has yet to make an appearance in America? Only the other day, for instance, a most scathing criticism of Harry Lauder, his songs, and his ability as an artist, was published in an American paper which, I believe, has an appallingly large circulation. Surely, this is very rough luck indeed on Lauder, for the popular Scotch comedian is shortly due to fulfil an American contract. Under the circumstances, therefore, a criticism of this sort is—well—most unjust, and I sincerely hope that the American public will make up for the lack of good taste on the part of one of their leading critics by giving Lauder, to use one of their own pet expressions, "a real bully reception."

***

I am afraid that "Attila," with which fine poetic drama by Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Oscar Asche and his clever wife, Miss Lily Brayton, have opened their season at His Majesty's Theatre, will prove too gloomy for the average playgoer—more 's the pity, for "Attila" is a really fine play. And how splendidly acted, too! Mr. Oscar Asche as the passionate, savage King of the Huns has never, in the whole of his career, done anything finer, while Miss Brayton's performance as Ildico, the Burgundian Princess, whose love he would scorn at the very moment of conquest, is worth going a long way to see. Still while, perhaps, "Attila" may not draw the masses, those of us who appreciate a play of really high literary merit will flock to His Majesty's, sure of an evening of sheer delight.

***

I was having a chat with Miss Brayton between the acts at His Majesty's only a few nights ago, and in the course of conversation I happened to ask her whether she thought there really was any royal road to stage success. —"I am afraid, where the stage is concerned," Miss Brayton replied, "it is only too true that 'tis not in mortals to command success,' but I think, however, that there is not the slightest doubt that that indescribable quality 'personality' is indeed situated very close to the theatrical winning-post." And most experienced playgoers will, I fancy, endorse this view. But how few actors and actresses really possess "personality" or personal magnetism, the best definition of which seems to me to be that of a certain inveterate gallery first-nighter, who, in referring to Miss Ellen Terry, once said: "She 's a wonder, she is—she gets inside yer weskit the moment she comes on the stage." Crude, perhaps, you will say, but quite true, eh?

***

I should like readers of the *P.I.P.* to know that I shall at all times be only too delighted to reply to any questions of theatrical interest. Sometimes, of course, when of sufficient general interest, queries can be answered in these notes; but, in any case, a stamped addressed envelope will always ensure a reply from

THE PROMPTER.

Photo. Dover Street Studios.

"HER SON," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Master Bobby Andrews, aged twelve, who made a pronounced success as Min, in "Her Son"—by Horace Annesley Vachell—at the New Theatre, has already received honours rarely bestowed on an actor. After the command performance of the play in Dublin, he and Miss Winifred Emery were invited to lunch with their Excellencies at the Viceregal Lodge. Master Bobby was treated as the guest of honour, and had the great pleasure of taking Lady Aberdeen in to lunch; and was subsequently presented with a pearl scarf-pin by the Viceroy. He is here shown with Miss Winifred Emery in "Her Son."

At the Alhambra.

A particularly attractive programme is to be seen just now at the Alhambra. In addition to "Queen of Spades," one of the liveliest and best-staged productions yet seen at this popular house, Franco Piper contributes some remarkable banjo-playing, the Urbanora pictures of "Wild Birds at Home" are particularly interesting, and some capital turns are supplied by the Bros. Artois, Harry Allister, the Four Black Diamonds, Henry Helme, Richard List's Bears; while the shorter ballet, "Electra," is very pretty and effective.

Photos. Ellis and Walery.

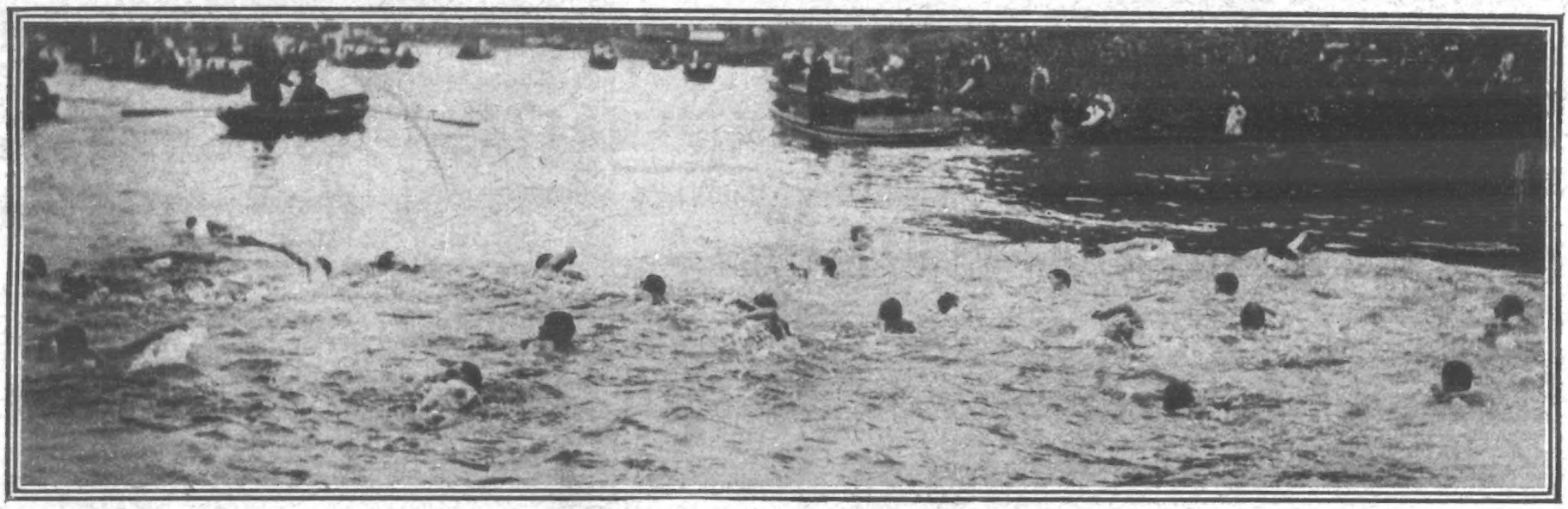
MRS. FIANDER PROPOSES TO ISAAC SHARPE.

RICHARD MARSHALL (MR. NYE CHART) SAYS HE MUST GO AWAY.

MRS. FIANDER IN THE CORNFIELD.

"Fiander's Widow," by Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mrs. Francis Blundell, is a study of Dorsetshire peasant life. Mrs. Fiander, early left a widow, fails to manage the farm, but her devotion to the memory of the late Fiander makes it very difficult for her to choose a successor. She proposes to an unwilling old man, who accepts merely out of respect for Fiander's memory, and finally his nephew, a presentable young fellow, takes him out of his dilemma by marrying the lady.

ENGLAND'S SUPREMACY UPHELD IN THE 15 MILES SWIMMING RACE



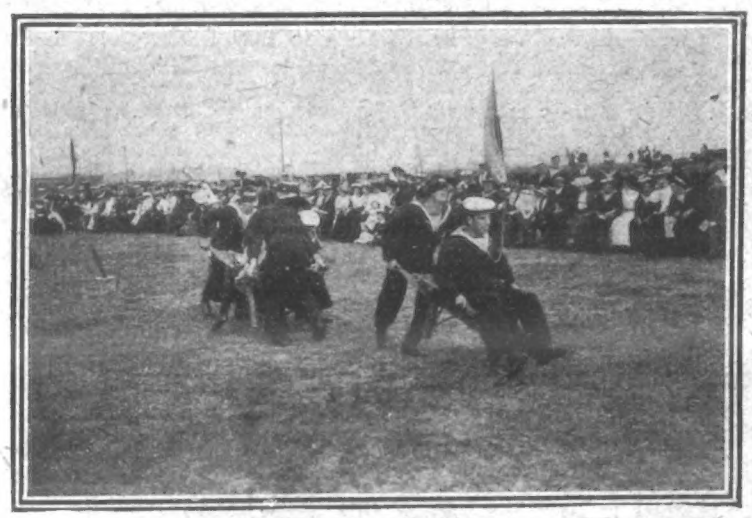
On Saturday last an exceptionally interesting swimming race took place in the Thames, the course being from Richmond to H.M.S. "Buzzard," the old war-vessel lying just above Blackfriars Bridge. There were thirty-three starters, including the champions of Holland and Belgium. P. L. Ooms, the champion of Holland, was second. One of the finest achievements was that of the only lady competitor, Miss Lily Smith, who was placed fourteenth, accomplishing the swim in 4 h. 16 m. 39 sec.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

SINCE the first kick was administered to a football in a legitimate game in the season of 1907-8 there have been developments that were scarcely contemplated before the season opened. London's two First League clubs, Woolwich Arsenal and Chelsea, were both beaten last Saturday, and the former further smudged their record by losing to Bury on Monday. Chelsea redeemed their character by defeating Brentford in the Southern Charity Cup at Griffin Park, and the merit of the win is added to by the fact that the Stamford Bridge side were much below their normal strength.

Fulham, another club in the Senior League, though in the Second Division, may be congratulated on upholding the prestige of the South against the North. When they made the plunge of severing themselves from the Southern League, most folks, myself included, thought they had made a leap in the dark. But in a chat with a prominent official of the club, he presented the case in a light which had not occurred to me before.



H.M.S. "VERNON" AND TENDERS' GYMKHANA AT HASLAR.

There were many races of a novel and amusing character, one of the best being the wheelbarrow race, in which the "wheelers" were blindfolded. Our photo. shows two competitors in trouble.

J. A. Jarvis, of the Leicester Swimming Club, who won in the remarkable time of 3 h. 24 m. 6½ sec.

Most folks thought that, with Chelsea hard by and in the First Division, they would be bound to suffer in the matter of attendances, but the clubs have managed to steer clear of one another, and doubtless the Craven Cottage club will do as well as formerly, if not better, for they have a following of their own, and the football spectator is not easily estranged from his first love.

Fulham began badly by losing to Hull City, but I am one of those who think they were unlucky on that occasion, though there is no gainsaying the fact that the victors played rare good football. However, they made amends by defeating Derby County, and that on the latter's ground. From a friend who was present at the match I hear that the Londoners deserved to win, though it was a desperate battle all through, and Fulham only got there by one goal to nil.

Millwall played a capital game against Leyton, and always having their measure, defeated them by four goals to one. This must have been very comforting to Messrs. Beveridge, Skeggs, and George Saunders, and it is evident that the North Greenwich side will play a big part in Southern League football this season. There were no goals in the match between Northampton and Luton; but the latest addition to the League, Bradford Park Avenue, gave an excellent

Photos. C. Cozens.

H.M.S. "VERNON" AND TENDERS' GYMKHANA.

A group of spectators round the prizes, the winners of the various events grouped on the right.

In the Southern League one could only admire the pluck of West Ham in their game with Tottenham Hotspur, and it is no reflection on the latter to assert that with a little better fortune the Boleyn Castle team might have defeated them. As it was, the "Hammers" had to be content with a draw by one to one. Another draw was that between Queen's Park Rangers and New Brompton, on the new ground of the former at Park Royal, each side scoring twice.

Photos. Topical.

THE ANNUAL CHARITY SPORTS OF BOROUGH MARKET AND SOUTH LONDON FRUITERERS IN AID OF GUY'S HOSPITAL.

The finish of the barrow race. An easy winner. It looks easy, but is a great test of wind and endurance.

The end of the basket race. This requires a great deal of skill, and if the baskets are dropped they have to be stacked again.

account of themselves in their match with Reading, whom they defeated on the latter's ground by three goals to one.

The Crystal Palace went to Southampton, and beat the "Saints" at the Dell by the odd goal in five. Watford did very well in their match against Portsmouth, for though they only won by a goal to nil, they had a tough nut to crack, even though they were playing on their own ground.

On their own ground at Bristol, the Rovers of that city easily vanquished Brentford, the margin against the Middlesex county town team being three goals to nil. Brighton and Hove Albion went to Norwich, and beat the club of the cathedral city by two goals to one. The remaining match in the Southern League was between Plymouth Argyle and Swindon, the points falling to the former club by two goals to nil.

Of "friendly" matches, that between Clapton and Nunhead proved very interesting to frequenters of the Upton ground, where the home team gained a decisive victory by six goals to one. Shepherds Bush beat West Hampstead by two goals to one, but the other matches call for no special comment. The Rugby game has not got into its stride so far, but it will not be long before the clubs are in full swing.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The great event in the athletic world last week was the autumn meeting of the South London Harriers at Kennington Oval. It is always a favourite meeting with followers of the sport, and the gathering of last Saturday was no exception to the rule. Some eight thousand spectators were present, and the sport, as is always the case, was of tip-top quality.

The open 100-yards handicap was secured by P. M. McLaren, Highgate Harriers, who, with 7¾ yards start, breasted the tape in 10 sec. A. Miles, Paddington C.C., with an allowance of 55 yards, was first in the half-mile bicycle handicap. The Polytechnic Harriers carried off the one-mile relay race, the South London Harriers being second. J. E. Deakin, of the Herne Hill Harriers, won the three miles limited handicap from scratch, in the good time of 14 min. 26 sec., or only 4 2-5 sec. more than Shrubb's record.

In the 100-yards international scratch race the American, N. J. Cartmell, of Pennsylvania University, scored a popular win, and his performance of doing 10 1-5 sec. on grass stamps him as the good runner his friends have always claimed him to be. Record was nearly beaten by J. B. Densham in the quarter-mile scratch invitation hurdle race. He covered the distance in 57 4-5 sec., thus equalling the time made by T. M. Donovan at Crewe in 1896.

The 220-yards handicap was taken by G. Marsh, Polytechnic Harriers, his start being 21 yards, and the time 24 2-5 sec. H. D. Montague, Malden Harriers, 72 yards start, was first in the mile, in 4 min. 18 1-5 sec.; L. J. Manaque, of the S.L.H., was first in the 600-yards handicap; and the mile cycle race was taken by W. H. T. Isaacs, Putney A.C.

The N.C.U. London Centre Cycling Championships were held at the Crystal Palace, and in the mile Leon Meredith beat the holder, H. D. Buck; but, as the time limit was exceeded, the officials declared it no race—a matter for great regret, but a course rendered necessary by the crawling methods adopted by the competitors. People who pay to see sport are entitled to witness something better from riders of the class I have named.

The twenty-five miles race for the Turner Cup has always been an interesting competition, and it has now become necessary to run it off in stages. As the result of the first stage the Polytechnic have qualified to meet the Putney A.C. in the final, but D. C. Robertson, who rode for the Peterboro' A.C., was first man home. The two-miles tandem was taken by F. G. Hamlin and H. T. Johnson, of the Putney A.C., and the Mile Open Handicap went to L. May, of the Polytechnic C.C.

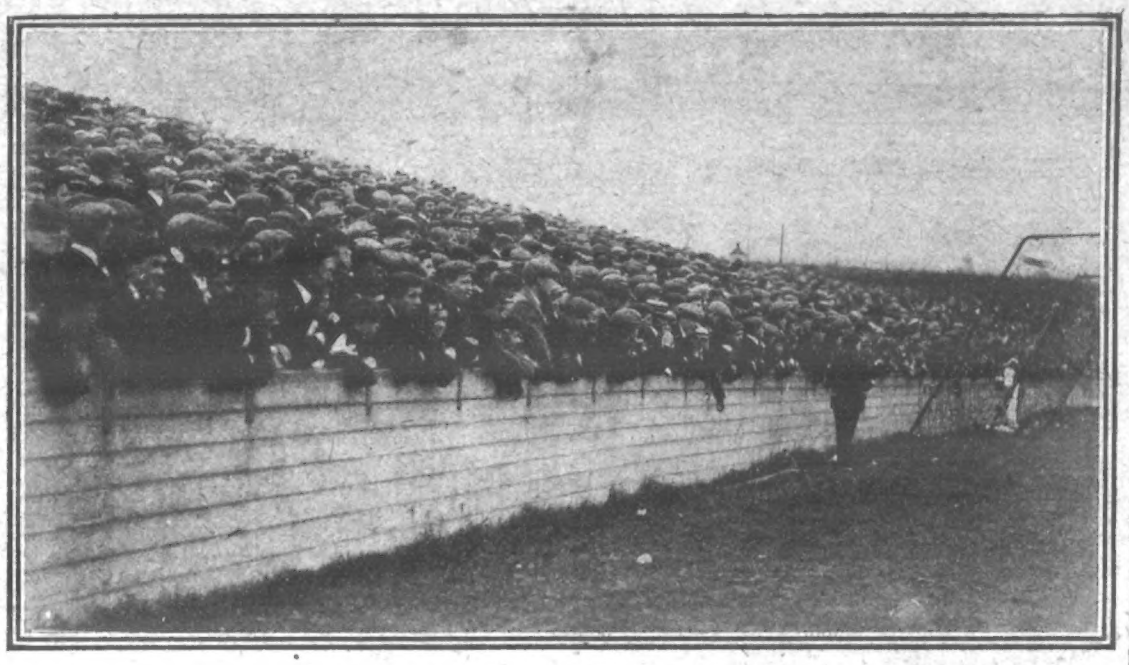
A WELL-FILLED HOUR

A very remarkable feat of endurance was performed on Saturday last by William Carroll, aged thirty-seven, of Poplar.

Starting from the Motor Dock, Hammersmith, Carroll rowed a mile to Crabtree Wharf in a skiff. He then dived into the water and swam a mile to Small's boathouse at Putney Bridge, landed, changed, and ran a mile on the promenade, cycled a mile further, and finished up with a mile walk.

Carroll completed the feat in fifty-six minutes.

THE POPULARITY OF FOOTBALL.



WOOLWICH v. BRISTOL CITY.

The huge crowd of enthusiasts behind the Woolwich goal.

J. A. JARVIS'S GREAT SWIM.

At Richmond Lock Bridge a large crowd witnessed the start of the swimmers in last Saturday's fifteen-mile international swimming race from Richmond to Blackfriars.

All the competitors got well away, with no obstacles on the river to prevent a good start.

At Kew Bridge Jarvis led Meyn (Germany) by over a minute; behind him was Maas, the Belgian, and shortly afterwards came the plucky lady swimmer, Miss Smith.

Past Putney Bridge Jarvis still led. The order now was: Jarvis, Meyn, Maas, Ooms, with Kearsley fifth.

At Battersea the order changed. Ooms forged to the front, and Maas also passed Meyn. Thence to the finish the race was a procession. Jarvis continued to increase his lead, and at four minutes past seven he passed the "Buzzard" in 3 h. 24 min. 6½ sec.

WOOLWICH v. BRISTOL CITY.

Bristol City make the most of a throw-in. Bristol won by four goals to nil.

Photo: Topical.

SHEFFIELD UNITED v. CHELSEA.

Sheffield have an anxious few minutes in front of their goal. They won by four goals to two. Walton, one of the Chelsea backs, met with a bad accident, fracturing his leg.

'WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.'

MARIENBAD "CURES."

WHY ANTIPON IS THE ONLY PERMANENT CURE FOR OBESITY

The Society gossiper of a leading London newspaper writes:—

"It is extraordinary the number of different cures that are being taken at Marienbad this year, and every doctor seems to have a special cure of his own to recommend. One lady here eats nothing but potatoes, and is said to be doing well, while another has reduced her weight by many pounds simply by living on milk (!). Some doctors allow their patients to eat raw fruit; others declare it to be a deadly thing to do so."

This will be interesting reading to sufferers from obstinate obesity who have been contemplating a "cure" at Marienbad, whether for obesity or gout, which are twin evils, as a good many know to their cost!

There is not the least necessity for these expensive trips. And who can tell whether any good will result when doctors differ on the important question of diet, and so radically, too? What is required is that the tendency to excessive fat development shall be lastingly eradicated, and this is accomplished by a consistent course of the famous Antipon treatment when all other methods of fat reduction have ignominiously failed. The old-fashioned drugging and food-restricting methods are of no avail as permanent weight-reducers. You may half-starve the body into an unhealthy condition, and so lose flesh; but where is the radical cure?

Antipon is perfect in every way. It requires the strengthening assistance of rational, wholesome meals. Its wonderful fat absorbent properties are not less remarkable than its tonic properties, which are especially beneficial to the digestive system (always more or less affected by obesity). It promotes a keen, natural appetite and sound digestion. Thereby nutrition is perfected, and new, rich blood is made. Muscular development and increased nerve force must perforce be the result; but the renewal of abnormal fatty matter need not be dreaded, the tendency having been destroyed, as we have seen.

As a fat-absorbent, the extraordinary power of Antipon is almost immediately discernible, a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb. (according to individual conditions) being effected within a day and a night. This is followed by a reliable daily reduction until restoration of normal weight and prepossessing proportions, when the doses may cease.

Stout persons, especially those who have suffered for years from the extreme discomfort and humiliation of the obese condition, should avoid all the out-of-date dietary treatments for keeping down the weight, and all the drugs, mostly mineral, which are sometimes more dangerous than the disease; they should place no reliance on the treatments meted out at Continental resorts, but adopt the great and wholly successful Antipon treatment, which has brought back health and strength and beauty of form to hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the world. Antipon is now recognised by the most competent authorities as the "standard remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence." A liquid tonic, containing no trace of any mineral or other deleterious substance, Antipon can be taken at any hour without discomforting after-effects. It is even pleasant with a mineral water at table.

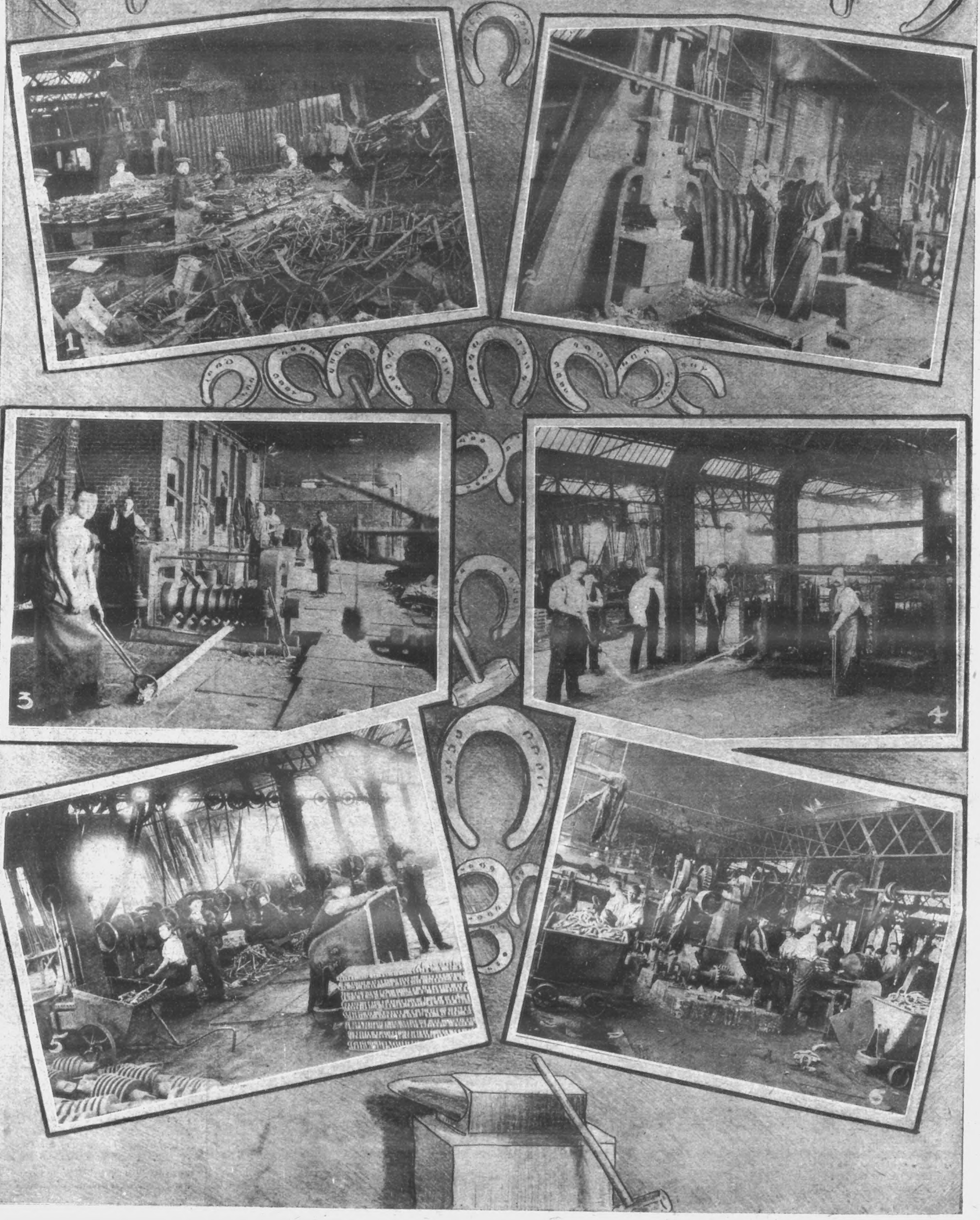
The "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," in its issue of August 31, says—

"I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity, which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. There is a steady daily reduction until natural proportions and correct weight are permanently restored."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending remittance), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

MADE·IN·ENGLAND

THE·HORSESHOE·INDUSTRY

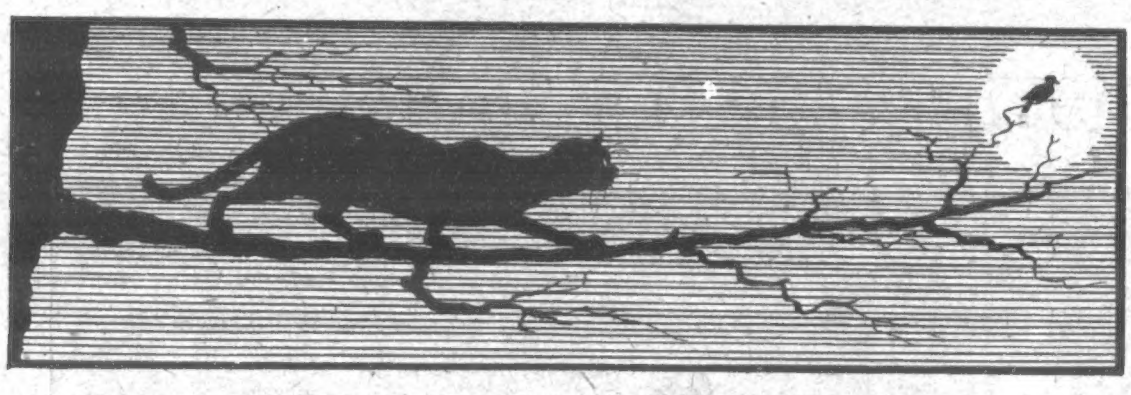


Now that so much comment has been caused by the action of Mr. Haldane in placing an important contract for Army horseshoes abroad, we have had a series of unique photographs taken illustrating the manner in which these same horseshoes would have been manufactured in England. Our photographs show: 1. Scrap-iron from which the shoes are made being piled up previous to heating. 2. Welding the piles under the hammer. 3. Rolling the piles into square bars. 4. Rolling into horseshoe bars. 5. Punching the nail-holes. 6. Bending into shape, and the finished article.

THE ANTWERP RIOTS: £160,000 DAMAGES.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau

The dock strike in Antwerp has developed into a national catastrophe. Not only has there been terrible rioting and street-fighting, but the burning of the docks by the rioters has caused damage estimated at not less than £160,000. Even the children are imbued with the spirit of the time, and our first picture shows them playing at rioting, one of their number pretending to be injured. 2. Between spells of duty it is no uncommon sight to see troops, seated on the goods they are guarding, playing cards. 3. A group of the civil guard in their curious "billycock" helmets. 4. Strikers discussing the day's doings. 5. Damage done by the fire; hose still being played on the smoking ruins.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

The Limit.

Wife. "I saw the loveliest little bonnet to-day, only 12s. 6d., and I wanted it awfully, but I knew you wished to economise, and so I didn't get it."

Husband: "That 's too bad, my dear; you should have got it. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your æsthetic nature, making life more worth living and home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than 12s. 6d."—*Tit-Bits.*

His Reason for Interfering.

The holiday traffic was at its height, and there were the usual piles of passengers' luggage on the platform of a great London terminus. In the usual way, the porters were banging it about, whilst the owners mournfully looked on.

Suddenly the stationmaster appeared, and, approaching one of the most vigorous baggage-bashing porters, shouted in stern tones—

"Here! What do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The passengers pinched themselves to make sure that they were not dreaming, but they returned to earth when the official added—

"Can't you see you 're making big dents in the concrete platform?"—*Answers.*

In Excuse.

A shunter was summoned to appear before one of his superiors with reference to a report he had made the previous night.

"How 's this?" began the official. "You said last night your mate was killed by the down mail."

"Yes, Sir."

"And that the accident happened at 9.30."

"Yes, Sir," replied the shunter, this time speaking hesitatingly.

"Well, at that time the mail would be thirty miles away. Poor X., it appears, was killed by the slow local. What made you say it was the mail?"

"Well, you see, Sir," explained the shunter, "it was the local, but my mate allus 'ad sich a contempt for them crawlers, as I thought 'e 'd rest easier if we made it a flyer!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Then He Went.

A very common announcement in the windows of a certain class of refreshment-rooms is "A good pull-up for carmen."

A London pantechnicon was travelling along a country road. A passing cyclist being asked by the driver of the huge van if there was a house-of-call near at hand, replied—"There 's a good pull-up for carmen a mile further on."

"Thanks," replied the driver, and with a sigh of satisfaction he urged on his horses, and followed the cyclist as the latter disappeared round the bend of the road.

A mile and a half was covered by the pantechnicon before it arrived at the top of a long, steep hill. There the driver found the cyclist resting on a bank.

"Where 's this good pull-up for carmen you spoke about, young feller?" asked the driver.

"Don't you call coming up that hill 'a good pull up'?" was the cyclist's reply. "Some people are never satisfied!"

And before the carman could reply he was out of hearing.—*Chums.*

Not His Fault.

At the persuasion of a travelling-agent a farmer had two lightning-rods fitted to a costly new barn. But only a week or two later, during a violent thunder-storm, the barn was struck, and in a few hours all that remained of it was a heap of charred, black refuse. Next day the farmer sought out the lightning-rod agent.

"Fine lightning-rods you sold me!" he shouted. "Here's my barn been struck and burned to the ground."

"What?" said the agent. "Struck by lightning?"

"Yes, by lightning."

"In the day-time?"

"No, at night—last night."

The agent's puzzled frown relaxed a little.

"Ah!" he said. "It was a dark night, wasn't it? Well, were the lanterns burning?"

"What lanterns?"

The agent stared in pretended amazement.

"Why," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you didn't run up lanterns on the rods on dark nights?"

"I never heard of such a thing!" shouted the farmer. "Run lanterns up! Why——"

"Well," said the agent, "if you don't know enough to make your lightning-rods noticeable you can't blame me."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Reasoned Out.

An Irishman in an omnibus in London recently said to the conductor—

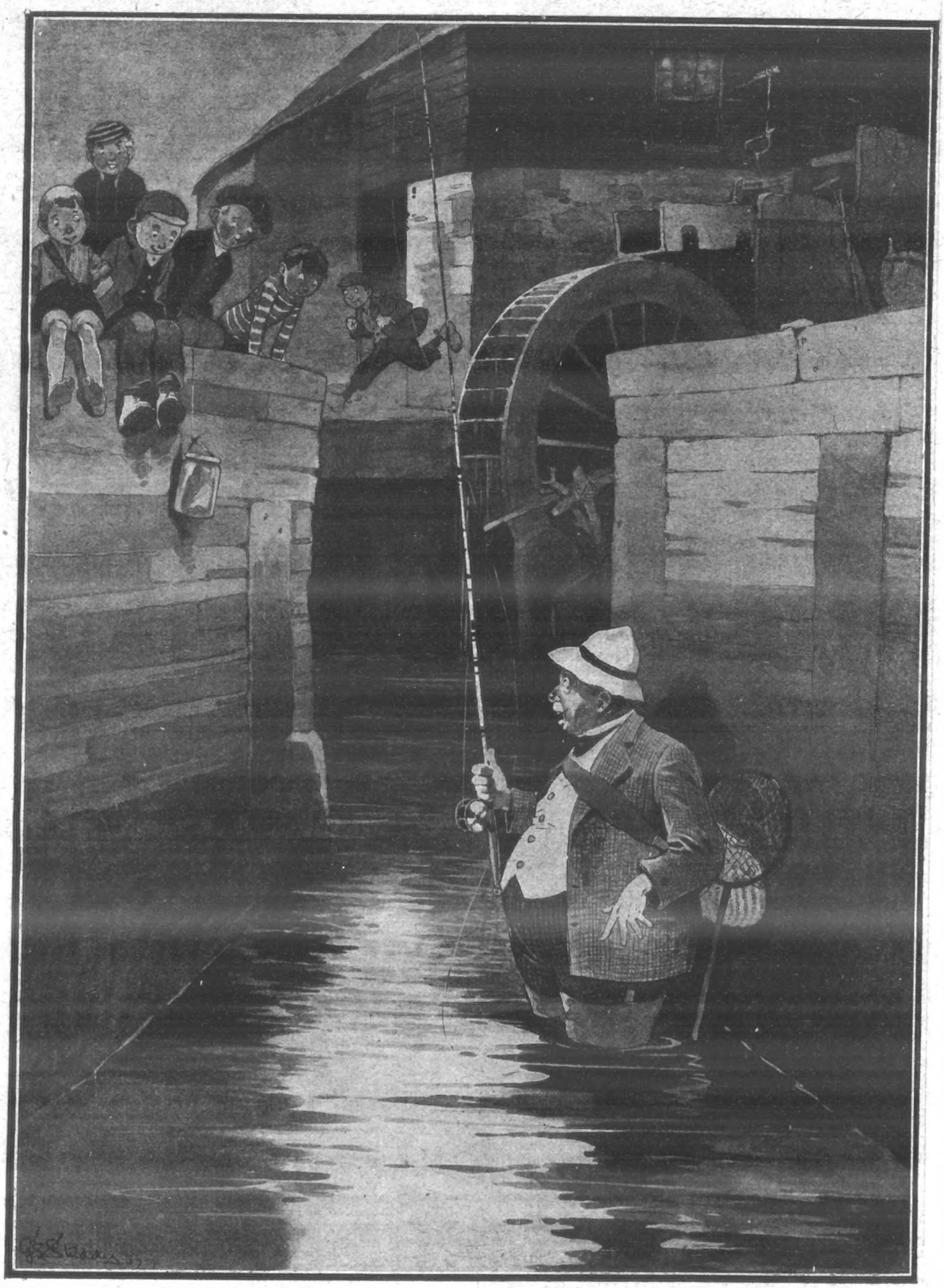
"An' how far is it from St. Paul's Cathedral to Charing Cross?"

"About fifteen minutes' ride," was the reply.

"Thankee; an' now, how far is it from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Cathedral?"

"Didn't I tell you how far it was from St. Paul's to Charing Cross? Do you suppose it is any farther the other way round?"

"Sure, an' I don't know. I know it is a deal farther from New Year's Day to Christmas than from Christmas to New Year."



THE PLEASURE OF ANTICIPATION!

MAJOR MAYFLY: Go away, you boys. I 've told you forty times that it 's no use you waiting to see me catch a fish.

VOICE FROM THE MADDING CROWD: We ain't. Billy Pike 's bin an' opened the sluice-gates, and we 're waiting to see yer drown.

The Editor to his Friends.

THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

My dear Readers—

I do trust that none of you are amateur detectives, also that you are not theorists possessed of wild ideas, whose one idea is to rush wildly into print, solving the most complex crime-mysteries by the aid of a little ink and a sprinkling of commas. I really should be quite hurt if you were threatened by an attack of that kind of thing, for of late I have commenced to have an absolute contempt for people of that persuasion. I admit that this may be mere jealousy, for I could not detect even an escape of gas—without risk.

PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW.

It is not really that there is any objection to people having ideas of their own, for I have known such things become very profitable—though not, as a rule, to the man who had the idea. The objection is that these theorists, these detectives on paper, are so sure that they are right that they are equally certain that everyone else is wrong. Just once, now and again, this may be the case—just once. Take, for instance, this terrible and brutal horse-maiming in Staffordshire, which is only a repetition of the horrors of three and four years ago. The Press is full of letters from well-meaning people, each of whom, if he or she is to be believed, knows exactly how the police may lay their hands on the perpetrators of the crime. Some, it is true, are sufficiently modest to praise up other people's virtues, and it is really remarkable the number who have insisted, at the cost of quite a number of penny stamps, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories, should be asked to proceed to Great Wyrley and settle the whole horrible business out of hand.

THE FOLLY OF FUTILE FAITH.

Does it ever occur to you that such faith is really touching? With all due respect to a very clever man, I quite fail to see why Sir Arthur should succeed where the police have been at fault. Bear in mind that there is nothing easier, to a man who makes his living that way, than to invent a crime and then find the perpetrator of it. Do you know that I your humble and obedient servant, have written some hundreds of detective stories in the course of an adventurous career; yet I would not undertake to detect George Washington telling the truth on the top of a Vanguard 'bus. Other gifted authors, leaving Sir Arthur and myself out of the question, who have made a speciality of solving intricate problems on paper, are legion. Why does not someone suggest that Edgar Allan Poe or Gaboriau would be able to solve these mysteries if they were still alive?

My dear readers, the average policeman—who will some day, by the aid of decent luck, develop into a detective—could do more detecting in five minutes than all these theorists could accomplish in a lifetime. If you don't believe me, just buy a large-sized magnifying-glass, a bloodhound, a secondhand revolver, and a slouch-hat. Armed with these aids to detection, go to Great Wyrley—I am not sure that I would not pay the fare—and see how much you can discover.

LOOKING FOR CLUES.

Think what you would have to do. You would arrive there, full of the joy of a slouch-hat, and the knowledge that the world would in a few hours' time be ringing with your name. Without difficulty you would find someone to lead you to the spot where the last horse was found dead—in fact, I should not be surprised if a policeman would do that much for you. Curiously enough, they are not a bit afraid that amateurs will cut them out. Well, take it for granted that you reached the field and were shown by your guide the exact spot where the horse was found dead—what next?

I can bring a pathetic figure to my mind. I can see the amateur detective, his slouch-hat pushed on to the back of his head, crawling about the ground on his hands and knees, his extra-powerful magnifying-glass in his hand. Incidentally (this is strictly between ourselves) I can see the local policemen standing round and sniggering, and possibly betting a sovereign to a brace-button that the amateur detective won't even find his lost self-respect by the time that he has finished his search.

Possibly our amateur detective would commence to wonder why fields are made so large, making it necessary to cover such a large surface; he might decide that when the crime was committed the ground was too hard to retain a clue; or even—but one thing is quite certain, and that is, that after a very short time he would purchase a ticket back to his native town, and, without thought of triumphal entries, or even of a modest reception by the mayor and corporation, he would be pleased to go quietly back to the mansion or cottage that he calls home, slip back unostentatiously into the life for which he is best fitted, and refrain from annoying the police.

"A FATHER OF SEVEN" WRITES—

The fact is, to put matters plainly, we all make mistakes at times. The police admit this freely enough, but, unluckily, the correctors of the police do not. That is easily explained. If the police make a mistake there are a hundred papers ready to publish the fact, and to howl gleefully about it. Though why they should be joyous of the supposed failure of the men who look after the safety of their lives and their possessions is beyond me. On the other hand, if a reader of a paper flaunts an idea, forcing it upon the other readers of the paper, he probably hides his identity under the nom de plume of "Constant Reader," or "Indignant Britisher," or even "A Father of Seven, and All Passed the Fifth Standard." Well, suppose he is proved to be wrong, he hides shamelessly behind his nom de plume, and laughs with his friends at the absurd things that these amateur detectives will write to the papers; from which it will be seen that even "A Father of Seven, etc.," can be deceitful.

There is one more little matter that I should like to mention before stopping. Has it ever occurred to you that the police and detective forces, despite all that depends upon them, are one of the worst-paid bodies of men in the world? At no time is their life a particularly easy one, while sometimes, more frequently than the average comfortable citizen imagines, they are brought face to face with death.

Gentlemen, if you want to agitate, by all means do so, but let it be for more adequate pay for the men who enable you to sleep soundly in your beds, who see your little children safely across dangerous thoroughfares, and who, despite the shoutings in the Press, succeed far more often than they fail in the detection of crime. The life of an ordinary policeman may seem to be very prosaic to you—until you think. But just try walking up to a good-sized drunken navvy and telling him that you are going to arrest him—precisely!

A NATION OF FAILURES.

Think of all these things that I have dared to point out to you, and then tell me honestly that you can still call the average detective a failure. If you can, well, every bankrupt, every woman who loses sixpence down a drain, every boy who swaps a silver watch for a tin scarf-pin, all these are failures—because once in their lives they have not succeeded.

A word in your ear, my reader. If that is the case, everyone of us is a failure—we are a country, aye, a nation of failures. Therefore, what right has one failure to criticise the other?—for two negatives make a positive.

Gentlemen, I am not a detective, a policeman, or even an amateur detective, but I take off my hat to the men in blue who are working night and day to clear up the horrible mystery of the outrages in Staffordshire.

Your Editor.

"I COULD NOT DETECT AN ESCAPE OF GAS."

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

FRAUD OR BLESSING?

ELECTRICITY AS A CURE.

That this question should be definitely and authoritatively answered is of vital importance to every one of the millions of ailing people throughout the civilised world, in view of the rapidly increasing adoption of this form of treatment in cases of illness of many kinds.

Everyone nowadays knows of the claims which are put forward on behalf of electricity as a curative agency, and when the question of the immorality of raising false hopes in the hearts of ailing sufferers is considered, it must be manifest to everyone that a definite and authoritative statement of electricity's real powers and real results should be clearly made and established—both on the score of the diminution of personal suffering and the arrestment and eradication of disease.

There are thousands of ailing people who, having vainly sought relief and cure by many other methods, have sorrowfully concluded that no hope remains for them.

Is there any truth, any foundation, in the claims put forward on behalf of galvanic force and treatment? Is electricity a flagrant fraud, or is it an incontestable blessing?

If it can be proved that sufferers from serious and dreaded diseases—such as affections of the nervous system, digestive disorders, diseases of the blood, chest, lung, and respiratory maladies, general functional debility, as well as certain organic ailments—may confidently be assured of recuperation and cure through the medium of electrical treatment, then surely it must be conceded that such a treatment and remedy is the veriest Godsend ever placed within the reach of sick, weak, ailing, and health-broken humanity.

What constitutes the best guide and proof on such an important subject?

There can be no greater evidence on its behalf than the practical applied knowledge and evidence of scientific and medical men.

On all matters of health we cannot go beyond the statements and dicta of the physician and scientist.

It is an undoubted fact that medical men have not only endorsed electricity's claims, but in practice, as well as theory, have manifested their faith in it. You cannot get beyond the opinions and utterances of such celebrated and well-known men as the following:—

Sir Charles Locock, M.D., M.R.C.P.
Henry Holland, William Ferguson (Physicians to her late Majesty Queen Victoria).
J. R. Martin, C.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.
J. Oppolzer, Chief Physician, Imperial Hospital, Vienna.
Golding Bird, M.D., A.M., F.R.S.F.L.S.
Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S.
R. W. H. Van Buren, Professor of Anatomy.
Drs. Beard and Rockwell.
Handfield Jones, F.R.C.P., F.R.S.

All these are unanimous in their expressions as to the undoubted efficiency of electrical curative power.

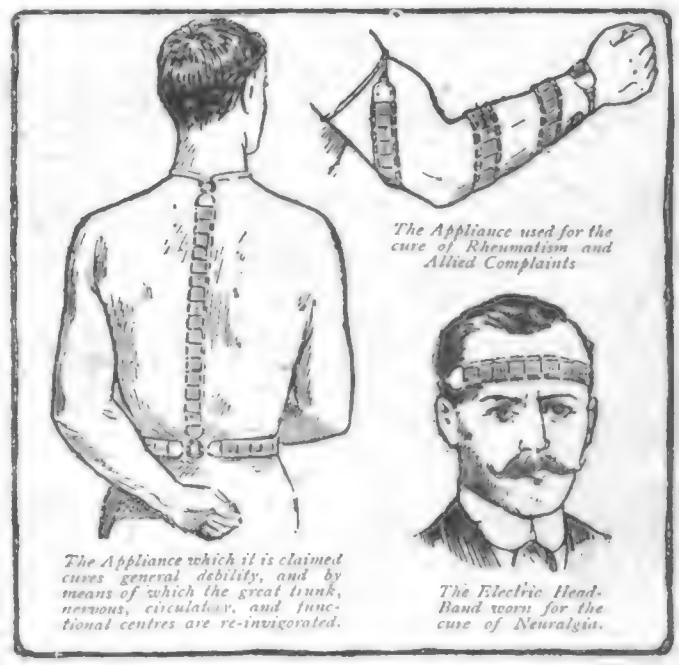
It is, then, clear and true, beyond all dispute, that electrical energy is not a fraud, but a proven, accepted curative and blessing. The only point now to be considered, therefore, is as to what is the accepted mode and method of treatment which can confidently be adopted with the richest and fullest possibility of cure.

Again, there can be no uncertainty on this essential point, for an Institute exists which has been established on the most scientifically approved principles for the creation, development, and application of electrical curative powers by means of medically approved curative appliances.

Since the day of its birth, the Pulvermacher Institute has had the sanction, approval, and endorsement of the medical profession, both at home and abroad, and is recognised as the one great institution which has furthered electrical curative principles on the lines and basis indicated by the faculty. Since the date of its inception its carefully preserved records show that over 130,000 cases of persons in all walks and stations of life have been treated for the utmost diversity of complaints. Peers of the realm, ladies of quality, professional people, commercial men, the working classes—every constituent of the social strata—have been supplied with Pulvermacher appliances and cured by the Pulvermacher Treatment.

The cases differ in nature and intensity—chronic disease has yielded just as completely and effectually as the ailment in its earlier, milder form; and the thousands of grateful, enthusiastic endorsements contained in the bureaux of the Institute, establish, apart from the medical approbation, a most human and convincing corroboration of the wise, intelligent, scientific and successful electrical curative potency of the Pulvermacher Treatment.

Neglect not the means of cure placed within your reach, but take advantage of the priceless boon and blessing which the Pulvermacher Treatment abundantly confers on stricken humanity.



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The Electric Head-Band worn for the cure of Neuralgia.

TO READERS OF "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."

The Pulvermacher Institute make a direct and personal appeal to all weak and ailing people to closely study this subject for themselves, and read the fullest information on electricity and its medicinal value. For this purpose they have just published a new issue of their book, entitled, "A Guide to Health and Strength," a perfect compendium of the ways and means whereby full vitality, strength, and energy may be regained and preserved. Every sufferer from organic and functional disease or weakness, liver complaint, kidney trouble, nerve prostration, general debility, indigestion, anæmia, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, or gout should have this volume in his, or her possession. It costs nothing, and is sent post free on application to the Secretary, PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE, LTD., 7, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Simply fill up form below, cut out, and forward at once, when the book will be immediately forwarded

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THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

JEALOUSY.

In the artistic drawing-room of the Clements Street house Miss Lane waited for Lady Cobbin. But not quietly. Her excitement impelled her to prowl up and down the room like a tigress. And indeed, she was one at the moment, and had been since Belinda returned from the City to announce her engagement to Mendle. A stormy interview had taken place between the half-sisters, in which Harriet had accused Belinda of robbing her of Mendle's love. Belinda had retorted by giving her opinion of Mendle, and then, woman-like, Harriet had defended him. The duologue had ended with the retreat of the elder before the cold determination of her stronger half-sister. The hitherto ruler had tried the old tactics of domination, only to find that the girl she had always believed so weak was stronger than her former tyrant. It was when beaten thus that Miss Lane had turned in despair to Lady Cobbin. To stop Belinda's marriage with Mendle she was prepared to wreck worlds.

Lady Cobbin was quite startled by the change in Harriet's looks when she entered the room. Miss Lane had never been pretty, and had always been lean and anxious-looking. Still she had invariably been careful of her appearance, and having a graceful figure and great taste in dress, had contrived to tone down considerably her physical disadvantages. But now she was carelessly dressed in an old frock, and looked extremely untidy. Her eyes were red, her complexion, never very good, was worse than ever, and she looked years older than she really was. In her grief she was almost tragic, and acted at the moment better than she had ever done on the stage. But then, poor soul, it was not acting, but a bitterly truthful display of her real feelings, hitherto kept under lock and key.

"My dear Miss Lane"—Lady Cobbin, entering bright and businesslike, paused on the threshold in sheer amazement—"whatever is the matter?"

Harriet smiled in a wan manner and with an effort. "I am not very well," she murmured, conducting her visitor to a seat near the fire. "I feel this cold weather more than most people."

"Dear me!" said Lady Cobbin, fixing her eye-glass, "did you ask me here to talk about the weather?"

"I did," replied Miss Lane, equal for once to the occasion; "my telegram must have told you as much."

"It certainly told me a great deal," retorted Milady, nettled.

"In what way?"

"In the way of love and jealousy."

"Oh!" Harriet winced and glanced over her shoulder to see that the door was closed. Lady Cobbin looked also.

"You fear lest your sister should come in," said Lady Cobbin, ironically.

"No. She has gone to walk in the Park with—with Mr. Mendle."

"Why don't you call him Lewis?" asked the other woman; and then, without waiting for a reply, continued, "I forgot; you have not the right to call him by his Christian name."

"What makes you think that?"

"Your telegram implies it. I have learned from Dr. Darton that Miss Gerson has declined to marry him so that she can become the wife of our mutual friend in Cade Lane. You love Mendle, and therefore you are furious that he should throw you over. You hate him, you hate Belinda, and you are willing to injure both. Come now, tell me truly, who is guilty. Belinda or Lewis Mendle?"

Harriet sat with open mouth, looking more grey and more unlovely than ever. Her somewhat slow brain could not understand how Lady Cobbin had come to guess so accurately what was in her mind. "I don't hate Belinda," she said weakly, "though we did quarrel. But I know that she has been forced to engage herself to Lewis."

"Did she tell you her reason?"

"No." Harriet passed her thin hand across her yellow forehead. "I can't understand Belinda," she said wearily; "she used to be a timid girl, sweet-tempered and easily led. But since she has come into this money she will have her own way, and flies out at me on the least provocation."

"You must make allowance for the trying situation in which she is placed," said Lady Cobbin consolingly. "She loves Dr. Darton, and yet to save him she is compelled to marry a man she dislikes."

Harriet sat up. "Is that the reason?" she asked sharply.

"Yes, I wonder Belinda did not explain."

"Perhaps she would have done so had I been easier with her. But I flew into a passion when she came, and told her that she had robbed me of Lewis's love."

"I am quite sure that she never said that, Miss Lane. She will be quite willing to hand over Mr. Mendle and his love to you, so long as his claws are cut."

"His claws?"

"Yes. Mr. Mendle accuses Dr. Darton of having murdered your half-brother."

"It is not true." Miss Lane rose with a vivid spot of colour burning on each cheek. "He knows that such an accusation is untrue."

Lady Cobbin looked at her keenly. "Does he know the truth?"

"Yes, and so do I. Hitherto I have kept silence in order to shield him. But he has acted so badly that I am justified in speaking out."

"Ah!" said the inquiry-agent significantly. "I thought that you were not quite frank with me when we last spoke."

"What I said was wholly true," protested Harriet sullenly.

"It was part of the truth; now I want to hear the whole of it. If you wish to prevent the marriage of Mr. Mendle to your half-sister you must speak out. By your doing so Dr. Darton will be saved, and there will no longer be any need for a sacrifice on the part of Belinda. They can marry, and you"—Lady Cobbin hesitated—"I suppose, even to punish Mendle, you don't want to ruin him."

"I would do anything to prevent his marriage," said Harriet defiantly.

"I dare say; but, to prevent it, you must accuse him."

"Accuse him?" Miss Lane jumped up with an angry look. "I don't accuse him of committing the crime."

Lady Cobbin looked puzzled. "Who then?"

"Embers. Sir Samuel Embers."

This was the last name Milady expected to hear. "You must be mistaken," she said, amazed. "Sir Samuel remained in the bar of the Green Man in Edgware Road."

"So he said," retorted Harriet significantly; "but the police never thought of examining into the truth of his statement."

"Why should they? After all, what motive had Sir Samuel to murder his bosom friend?"

"He wanted to marry Belinda."

"Quite so, and Arthur was agreeable."

Miss Lane sat down, and, resting her elbows on her knees and clasping her hands together, stared into the fire. "Of course, I can't be sure of the exact truth," she said, frowning, "but I know that Arthur possessed some papers connected with a secret in Dr. Darton's life. He arranged, on the night when the crime was committed, to meet Dr. Darton and sell back the papers to him. Now I believe, although I have not any strong proof, that Sir Samuel did not want those papers given back, as then the marriage could not be prevented. He might have quarrelled with Arthur on that account, and to secure the papers himself and make use of them, he might have murdered Arthur."

"H'm!" Lady Cobbin thought, "it might be so. Yet, what evidence——"

"This evidence," interrupted Harriet, sitting up straightly, "I saw Sir Samuel at the top of the lane when the cab broke down."

"Oh, impossible! How could he have got there from the Edgware Road? How could he know that the cab would break down?"

"I don't believe that the cab did break down," said Harriet quickly. "It seems to me that Arthur pretended a break-down to get rid of me in order to see Dr. Darton."

"The meeting-place was certainly at the top of Shore Lane," said Lady Cobbin musingly, "and Sir Samuel may have learned that. But it occurs to me," she added, looking sharply at Harriet, "that you must have recognised your half-brother as the chauffeur, after all."

"I did. But not until I saw the cab break down. I got out, and Sir Samuel was standing under the lamp-post. He accused Arthur of stealing his cab. As I did not want to be involved in a quarrel, I went away at once and came home, as I stated, by the Metropolitan from the Mansion House."

"Leaving your half-brother with Sir Samuel."

"Yes."

"They were quarrelling?"

"Yes. And Sir Samuel was excited with drink. Arthur was quite sober."

"What time was that?"

"Shortly before eleven. I cannot be certain."

"Then you believe that Sir Samuel murdered Arthur to get the papers, so that they might be used to stop the marriage with Belinda?"

"Yes, I do," said Harriet firmly; "also Sir Samuel knew that if Arthur died, Belinda would come into the money at once. He therefore, so to speak, killed two birds with one stone."

"He certainly killed one bird," chuckled Lady Cobbin, grimly.

"Sir Samuel was desperately in want of money," explained Harriet. "I know, because Lewis told me so. Don't you think that the motive to commit the murder is a strong one?"

"I do. But it will be necessary to prove how Sir Samuel came from the Edgware Road to Shore Lane."

"That is easy. Arthur left him there at ten o'clock, when he took the cab. Sir Samuel must have known of the appointment to meet Dr. Darton at the top of Shore Lane, and so could jump into a hansom, or get another motor-cab, and drive there in plenty of time to be beforehand. He was waiting under the lamp at the place, remember."

"You saw him?"

"Yes," said Harriet, hesitating; and then, after a moment's pause, came out some extraordinary information. "Lewis saw him also."

Lady Cobbin jumped up. If she had been astonished before, she was doubly astonished now. "Mr. Mendle! But it was clearly proved, and by the evidence of Robert Parley, that he remained in his office all the evening. Why, that policeman saw him come out of his office——"

"Nearly an hour after the murder," said Harriet; then added hastily, "of course I don't mean for one moment that Lewis murdered Arthur. He would not have had the courage, and, besides, it meant his losing the money if Arthur died. But Lewis certainly saw Sir Samuel at the top of Shore Lane with Arthur. If, according to the medical evidence, Arthur was killed at eleven o'clock, Lewis must have seen the murder committed. Afterwards I believe that Sir Samuel placed the body of Arthur on the box, and drove himself to Cade Lane."

"Why should he do that?"

"To implicate Lewis, should suspicion fall upon himself," said Harriet promptly.

"But the policeman, Cropsley, declared that he only saw one man on the box-seat of the cab."

"I can't understand that," admitted Miss Lane frankly, "but as a dead man could not drive, the murderer must have done so."

"Sir Samuel Embers," said Lady Cobbin thoughtfully.

"So I believe. What do you think yourself?"

"I cannot say. The theory seems to be all right, and yet, after all, it is mere theory."

"Supported by strong circumstantial evidence," Harriet reminded her.

"Quite so," assented the inquiry-agent; "why did you not tell this story at the inquest?"

"I thought that it might harm Lewis," said Harriet nervously, "and he asked

"Accuse him?" Miss Lane jumped up with an angry look. "I don't accuse him of committing the crime"

me to hold my tongue. I did so out of love, but now that he has thrown me over for Belinda, I want him to suffer. All the same," she added hastily, "remember that I do not accuse him of murder."

"He is an accomplice after the fact, you would say," remarked Lady Cobbin drily. "By the way, where was he? Waiting at the lane along with Embers?"

"No." Harriet hesitated again. "He was in the cab."

"In the cab? How do you mean?"

"When I entered the cab in front of the Piccadilly Theatre, I found that there was a man half under the seat and half exposed on the floor. I would have given the alarm, as I guessed that the man could be there for no good purpose. But immediately I heard the voice of Lewis asking me to be silent."

"How did he recognise you?"

"He must have seen me through the window, by cautiously lifting up his head when I spoke to Arthur. Of course, I believed Arthur at that time to be Sir Samuel, and directed him to drive me to Cade Lane. Apart from seeing me, Lewis probably recognised my voice. At all events, he told me to be silent, and to allow the cab to be driven back to the City."

"Then Arthur must have known that Mr. Mendle was concealed in the cab."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Consequently Mr. Mendle must have known that the chauffeur was his ward, and not Sir Samuel?"

"I suppose so."

"You suppose so—you suppose so," said Lady Cobbin irritably, for the perplexity of the case was getting on her nerves, strong as they were. "Didn't Mr. Mendle tell you for certain?"

"No. He refused to tell me much. All he said was that he had entered the cab, thinking that Dr. Darton and Belinda would hire it to get back to Clement Street. You know either I or Belinda always hired Sir Samuel's cab to drive back from the theatre, and after taking me or Belinda home, and sometimes both of us, he usually drove to the City to pick up Lewis."

"But what made Mr. Mendle hide in the cab?"

"Jealousy," cried Harriet bitterly. "He knew that Belinda often met Wilfred at the Piccadilly Theatre, and intended, when they attempted to enter the cab, to step out, and, after sending Dr. Darton away, said that he would have driven back to Clement Street with——"

"I understand—I understand," said Lady Cobbin hurriedly. "It seems to me that Mr. Mendle must certainly know the truth. Why did you not insist upon an explanation?"

"I love him. You know what a woman is who loves. I obeyed his slightest command, and, so long as I knew that he was not guilty, I was quite willing to remain in ignorance."

"But surely he explained?"

"He explained nothing," said Harriet tersely.

Lady Cobbin looked at her, astonished. She could not understand that any woman should be so weak, even with a man she loved. Yet her late experience with Wilfred Darton should have enlightened her, since she herself was willing to place her heart and her will at his feet.

"Mr. Mendle shall explain to me," she said determinedly. "For all we know, he may have murdered his ward himself."

"No, no," said Harriet eagerly. "He had no motive. In fact, it was to his interest that Arthur should live."

"I see that," said Lady Cobbin, puzzled. Then she relapsed into silence, as did Harriet. Both women remained for a long time without speaking, each one busily thinking. Harriet was wondering if her confession to Lady Cobbin would ruin Lewis Mendle, and if her revenge on a faithless lover was worth the reason; while Lady Cobbin reflected upon the probable guilt of Sir Samuel. She exonerated Mendle, as it seemed too ridiculous that he should kill the goose with the golden eggs, setting aside his manifest timidity.

It was at this propitious moment that Mr. Mendle arrived with Belinda at the street door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER COMPLICATION.

When Mr. Mendle entered the drawing-room, he was alone, and explained that Belinda had gone to remove her furs. He said that he had been invited to afternoon tea.

"It is rather late for that," said Lady Cobbin drily, and glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece, which had just struck six.

"It is never too late, when one loves," said the lawyer sentimentally, and Harriet, looking more miserable than ever, winced at the words. "You are here, Lady Cobbin," added Mendle, taking a seat.

"As you see," she replied, putting up her eye-glass. "You are surprised to see me, no doubt."

"Considering what took place at our last interview, I am. Then it was arranged that matters should be left as they were. This being the case, it is no longer needful for you to continue the investigation. As a visitor——"

"You don't want me to come here," said Lady Cobbin equably. "I quite understand. Milady, the inquiry agent, is not fit company for the girl you are to marry. Yet"—she pointed to Harriet—"the girl asked me to come here. I received a wire at two o'clock. I came here at five."

"The girl." Mendle shrugged as he looked at the drooping figure of Miss Lane. "That is not Belinda, who is to be my wife."

"Pardon me. You imply that I am making a mistake," said Lady Cobbin grimly, and anxious to avenge the slight he had put upon her; "but Miss Lane is to be your wife."

"What do you mean by saying that?" demanded the lawyer, growing red and looking decidedly angry. "You know well enough that Belinda and I have decided to become man and wife."

"I think that Belinda has very little say in the matter," said the woman with great coolness, and eyed Mendle so deliberately that he shivered. Her gaze hinted at coming trouble.

"Oh yes, you would—in order to ruin Dr. Darton."

"Thinking him guilty, as I do," said the lawyer, rising with great dignity, "I was right to do what I could to forward the ends of justice. But Belinda asked me to let things remain as they are. To oblige her I am willing to do so. This being the case, there is no need for you to trouble your head further, Milady. I shall send a cheque for that you have already done, and meanwhile will take my leave," and he moved towards the door.

Hitherto Harriet, while listening intently, had sat perfectly still before the fire, looking into the heart of the blaze. But when the solicitor moved towards the door, she rose swiftly and placed herself directly in his path. "You go without taking leave of me," she said in a cold, hard voice, and her eyes glittered.

"I ask your pardon," replied Mendle hurriedly. "In the interest of my conversation with Milady here, I forgot that you were present. I wish you good-day, and apologise for my oversight."

"Stop where you are!" commanded Harriet, as he opened the door. "You and I must come to an understanding."

"Harriet!" Mendle cast a significant look towards Lady Cobbin, and spoke in a warning tone.

Harriet laughed bitterly. "You need not hint secrecy in that way."

"It does not alter your character," cried Harriet, clenching her hands fiercely. "Have you no heart? Have you no honour, that you talk like this? I have been your cat's-paw for years. For you have I remained here to manage this house and to look after Arthur and his sister. I have been your spy to report everything; I have been your friend to guide Belinda in the way you wanted."

"And you failed?"

"I failed with Belinda. I failed with Arthur. Both of them were too strong for me. I could not induce Belinda to marry Sir Samuel——"

"I never told you to do that," said Mendle quickly.

"No," she replied with great scorn, "because you wished to marry her yourself. When I saw that, I made up my mind to side with my half-sister. I did all I could to bring about the marriage with Wilfred Darton. I arranged the meetings at the Piccadilly Theatre, and——"

"And betrayed me all round," scowled the lawyer. "Well, you have your reward. I marry Belinda and her money."

"You shall not do that," said Lady Cobbin calmly.

He turned on her with a snarl. "What business is it of yours?"

"This much: Dr. Darton is to marry Belinda."

"Two lines have a great deal to do with your present attitude," and Lady Cobbin quoted with point—

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.

"Right! right!" cried Harriet, and burst into unpleasant laughter, "do you hear that, Lewis? Congreve was a prophet—a prophet!" She flung up her hands and clutched her head. "Oh, you fool, you fool; you were in my power, and you dared to rouse the worst passions of my nature. Lady Cobbin knows all—do you hear?—she knows everything."

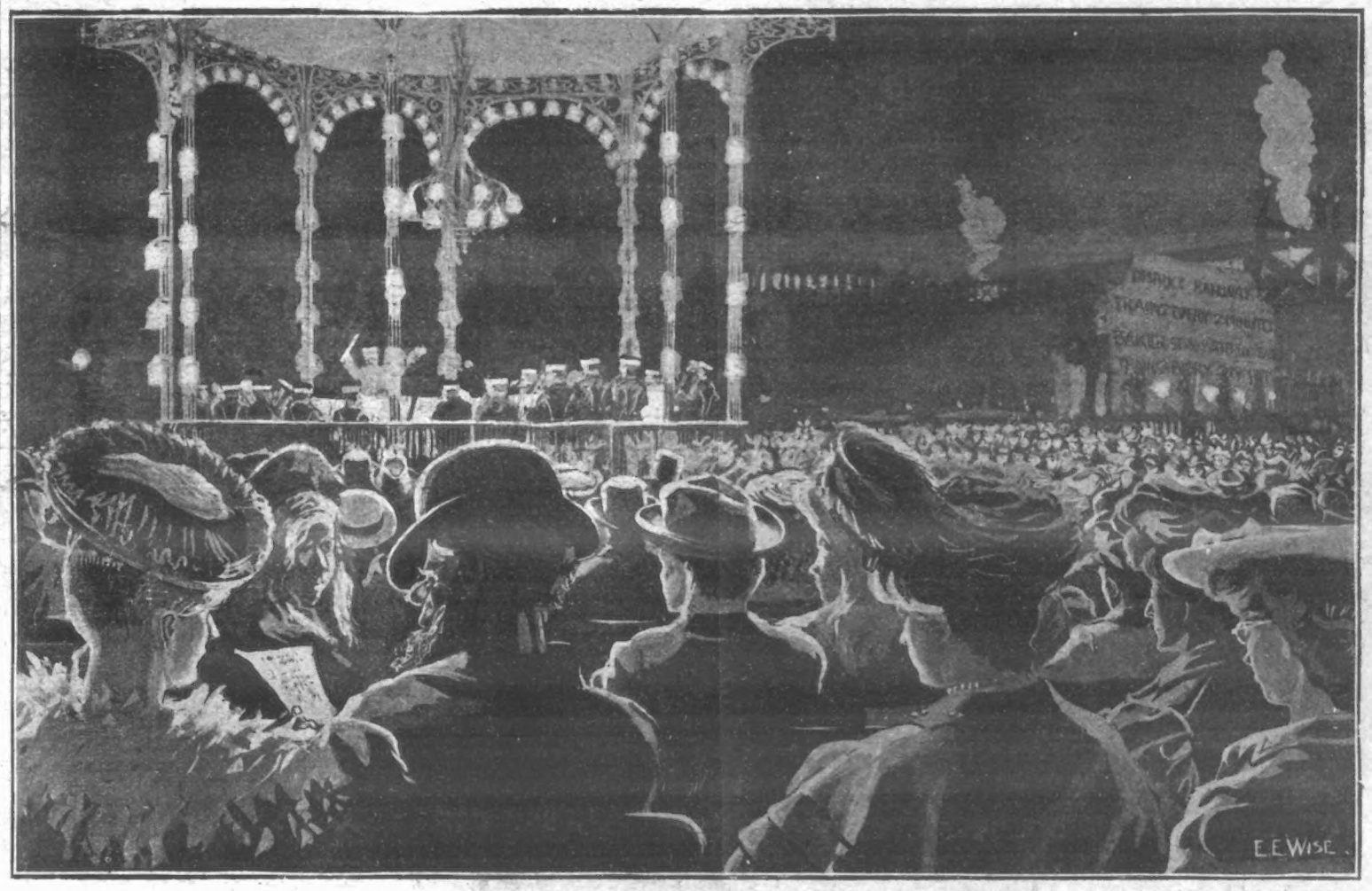
Mendle looked at her with a sneer. "Be good enough to remember that you are not on the stage," he said in a hard tone. "As to your treachery, I was prepared all along for that."

"And have provided a defence," said Lady Cobbin markedly.

Mendle turned on her quickly. "I have no need to defend myself," he exclaimed. "Harriet told you, no doubt, that I was in the cab—that she drove with me to the City on that night. I admit it to you, to her, and I am ready to admit it to the whole world, if you like."

"If so, why did you not admit it before?" asked Milady bluntly.

"Why? You ask me that, knowing the position in which I was placed."



MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

The County Council bands, which throughout the summer have been the delight of thousands of the hard-working citizens of London, have vanished until next spring.

And, as if to clinch the statement of Lady Cobbin, the maid entered at this moment with a message from Belinda saying that she was too unwell to come down to afternoon tea. When the servant departed the inquiry agent laughed. "That shows how much Belinda's heart is set upon the marriage," she said significantly.

"Miss Gerson, if you please," retorted Mendle, white with rage, "and you will understand that you are dismissed. I shall no longer allow you continue the investigation. In fact, I mean to drop looking into the matter. Belinda desires it."

"Because she has sold herself to save Dr. Darton," snapped Lady Cobbin sharply. "All the better for you. I quite understand that you do not desire to proceed in this case."

"I stay proceedings merely because Belinda wishes it. What other reason can I have?"

"You are afraid."

"Afraid?" Mendle's face twitched. "Of what?—of whom?"

"You fear lest an inquiry into the case should implicate you."

Mendle shrugged. "That is simply absurd," he declared in an even voice. "Had I been afraid on that score I certainly should not have engaged you to look into the matter."

"Certainly not," chimed in the inquiry agent. "Miss Lane and myself have been talking about you, Mr. Mendle."

The lawyer looked from one to the other and drew his own conclusions very rapidly. At once he closed the door and returned to his seat, avoiding Harriet as though she were a snake. "I understand. Miss Lane has told you."

"Told me what?" asked Lady Cobbin, wilfully dense.

"I am not bound to incriminate myself," he retorted heatedly.

"Ah! Then you are afraid, after all?"

"Afraid?" Mendle cast a look of hatred at Miss Lane. "Yes, I am. When one has to do with a jealous woman who will stick at nothing to revenge herself, and who——"

"Stop!" It was Harriet who spoke, and she moved swiftly towards the mean creature who spoke, facing him with cold scorn. "Who are you to talk like this? Have you not harmed me sufficiently as it is, that you should seek to make me out worse than I am? Who was it promised to marry me when Belinda married——?"

"When Belinda married Sir Samuel Embers," snapped the lawyer. "But, as she is to marry me, that alters the case."

Mendle jumped with an amazed expression from his seat. "Why, I understood that you loved him!"

A faint colour crept into Lady Cobbin's face. "I love him as a friend—as a comrade," she said defiantly. "You misunderstood me."

"No, I didn't. You wanted to marry him, and when I agreed to leave him alone you promised to help me to marry Belinda. I did that without your assistance."

"Quite so; and you communicated the fact to Dr. Darton, so as to break his heart. There you made a mistake, Mr. Mendle. He sent for me, and we had a talk. Now we understand one another. I am his comrade, and I intend to help him against you."

"Oh, do you?" Mendle's face displayed both fear and defiance. "And what can you do, may I ask?"

"Stop this marriage, for one thing."

"Indeed. And for another?"

"Force you to marry Miss Lane."

"Marry me?" cried Harriet, flinging up her head. "I would not marry Lewis for all the world, I loved him deeply. But he has changed my love to hatred."

"Ah," murmured Lady Cobbin, "being an actress, you have probably studied Congreve's plays."

"And what have Congreve's plays to do with this?" asked Harriet furiously.

"Two lines have a great deal to do with your present attitude," and Lady Cobbin quoted with point—

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.

"Right! right!" cried Harriet, and burst into unpleasant laughter, "do you hear that, Lewis? Congreve was a prophet—a prophet!" She flung up her hands and clutched her head. "Oh, you fool, you fool; you were in my power, and you dared to rouse the worst passions of my nature. Lady Cobbin knows all—do you hear?—she knows everything."

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"If so, why did you not admit it before?" asked Milady bluntly.

"Why? You ask me that, knowing the position in which I was placed."

"But if you are innocent——"

"Innocent!" His voice leaped an octave, and he stamped. "Were I not innocent, would I not deny the evidence of this woman? It is my word against hers. What can she prove unless I confess my presence in the cab on that night? Nothing. But so innocent am I that I admit freely the truth of the story that she has told you."

"Even to being guilty of murder?" asked Milady.

Mendle's rage fell as quickly as it had risen. "That is absolutely untrue," he said calmly, and turned to Harriet. "I dare you to look me in the eyes and accuse me."

"I do not accuse you," she answered with deliberate contempt. "I never did accuse you."

"There!" Mendle swung round to face Lady Cobbin. "What do you say?"

"Nothing—at present. I simply remark that I have not yet heard your story."

"Then I tell it—yes, I tell it without hearing the lies she has told during my absence. Then you can see if I speak truly. Not a word, if you please. I am on my defence. The witness is in the witness-box." He turned an armchair and leaned over the back.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

Autumn, which sees the gradual falling of the leaves, will undoubtedly see many of the present fashions on the wane. Already the short sleeve is doomed as far as outdoor wear is concerned, and the long sleeve reinstated in the best models. It must be perfectly tight-fitting from elbow to wrist, and in some of the new autumn gowns the sleeves are buttoned from the elbow with tiny velvet buttons. Brown promises to be one of the most popular colours of the season, and some very pretty shades are making their appearance. It is a tint that must be chosen with great discretion, as it makes some women look absolutely dowdy. To a brunette with a bright complexion, or to a fair woman of the type which the French call *blonde cendrée*, it is very becoming, but is apt to prove quite the reverse to those with any hint of sallowness in the complexion.

Autumn Fashions.

Ribbon velvet and satin are a marked feature of the new millinery, and with the departure of summer flowers will again be somewhat superseded by feathers. Hats of a picturesque type are certain to be in vogue. The large hats which were destined to be much worn for the last few months hardly had the vogue that was anticipated for them, largely owing to the unfavourable weather, but a few weeks hence will certainly see some charming modifications of the same styles.

The Vogue in Hats.

Gauzed skirts are promised to us in the near future, and the news will be welcome hearing to those of slender figure. As a natural sequence skirts will be much trimmed on the hips; simulated yokes, tucks, and braidings will revive the fashion of a few years ago. The most popular short wraps are still of the bolero and kimono order, many are made with pointed fronts or a pelerine, and are already being cut in velvet and cloths of warm weight. It looks as if the pinafore style of bodice means to hold sway for some time yet to come. It has proved throughout the summer a truly delightful fashion for the woman of limited means, as she has been able to get a great deal of variety in her toilette at comparatively small cost.

Skirts and Wraps.

Fruit leaves us long before the cold weather comes to lessen everybody's liking for its beneficent juices. Plums, however, will be available for some time, and then apples will be ready. Bird's custard powder, made without eggs, according to the directions on the packet, served with either stewed plums or apples stewed and passed through a sieve, makes an excellent sweet course. Bird's custard powder is as wholesome as it is delicious.

Fruit and Custard.

Many people are a little uncertain as to the proper procedure in regard to card-leaving on new-comers to their neighbourhood. It is always the duty of the older inhabitants to leave cards in the case of a stranger or a new family settling in the vicinity. If the acquaintances thus introducing themselves are deemed desirable by the new-comers, it is usual for the visit to be returned personally, or for them to leave their own cards within a week. The latter rule is conducive to good feeling in remote districts, and is mostly in force where intimacy is a matter of difficulty. In suburbs of large towns a less hospitable reception awaits strangers, as people usually defer calling until something is known of the new-comers. In all cases it is the person who is the new-comer that first receives offers of hospitality, and it should be left to the older residents to make the advance in this respect

The Etiquette of Card-Leaving.

Household management often proves so trying to many women that they become peevish and irritable, and lose their temper on the smallest provocation. This is decidedly trying for the rest of the family, and is anything but conducive to happiness in the home. She who can keep her temper and be cheerful under all circumstances, who can laugh over her misadventures and make light of her difficulties, has indeed been gifted by the gods; and certainly, as far as her own happiness is concerned and the peace of mind of those around her, it is a gift far above rubies. And if we sometimes really must worry and fret ourselves over trifles, let us at least try to avoid making everyone around us uncomfortable as well. It is better to have plain fare and cheerful faces round the board than a richer repast which has taxed the time and temper of the housewife and brought her to a pitch of irritability that sorely tries the other members of the family.

The Virtue of Cheerfulness.

Before all the flowers quite vanish some of my readers who are lucky enough to have a flower-garden will be wanting to make a sweet smelling-jar, or pot-pourri as it is frequently called. Any sweet-scented flowers may be used for this purpose, in addition to rose-leaves, carnations, rosemary, lavender, violets. The flowers should be gathered on a fine sunny day and spread out on trays, and turned over until perfectly dry. Then lay them at the bottom of a deep wide jar, and fill alternately with layers of the dried petals and herbs, and salt. Powdered orris-root, cinnamon, cloves, ground sandal-wood, etc., may be added, and, last of all, a few drops of any good scent or essential oil. Eau-de-Cologne, Florida water, or lavender-water are all excellent for the purpose. The jar should be well covered, and the contents stirred occasionally.

The Fragrant Pot-Pourri.

A DAINTY BLOUSE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE TYPE.

The Childrens Corner

Maisie & Her Dollies.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

"YOU are both very very naughty children," cried Maisie severely to the two meek-looking dollies propped up against the toy-cupboard. "As for you, Suey, I have *never* seen such rough, untidy hair, and—oh, you dirty, careless Jennie, anyone would think that you lived in the coal-box all day judging from the colour of your pinafore and frock!" And as Maisie got up hastily from her foot-stool, poor little Jennie wobbled unsteadily, then tumbled to the floor; and of course Suey followed her example, as usual.

"Oh, you dreadful, unbearable children!" said Maisie, giving each of them a sharp slap as they lay on the floor at her feet, "I shall shut the pair of you in the dark cupboard without any tea, and—and no, I shall not even kiss you," she added, as Suey rolled over on to the rug.

Poor Suey and Jennie, theirs was a very cross little mother to-day and everything they did seemed to be naughty and disobedient. I think they could both have really done with a tonic, for Suey's melting nose seemed to get flatter and flatter every day, and Jennie's head dropped forward on to her chest at the least movement.

"Susan" cried Maisie, severely (she only called her doll "Susan" when she was very cross indeed), "if you sulk like that it will bring on one of your bad headaches, and then I shall thrash you"; but sad-eyed little Sue stared at the window opposite without so much as blinking an eye-lash. "And, Jennie," continued the angry little mother, "if you toss your head when I speak to you, I'll just put you into your old washed-out blue frock that has shrunk right up to the knees—and then—then, my lady, you *will* look a fright!" and Maisie drew in her lips as she had seen her teacher do at school when she was particularly angry.

"I don't know what has come to you both, I 'm sure, but you simply op-en-ly dis-o-bey me from morning to night, and—and Su-*san*!" exclaimed Maisie sharply, as that young lady showed symptoms of quietly sliding to the floor, "you are a bad, wicked girl, and I am sure that you teach Jennie to be disobedient and naughty. Now, Madam, take that, and that, and that," and the indignant mother slapped poor little Suey's arm till it swung backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. "Now I shall

MAISIE SCOLDING HER DOLLIES.

put you both into the lonely, dark cupboard this very minute, and—and see how you like that," and Maisie tossed them impatiently into the cupboard and closed the door.

"Perhaps they *will* obey me now," she remarked, as she ran into the garden to play.

"Oh, I 'm so glad to get to bed," said Maisie two hours afterwards, as she nestled snugly in the thick warm blankets and buried her curly head in the soft pillows; and then she closed her eyes tight and wandered far, far away to Dreamland, where she met the naughty Suey and Jennie.

"You disobedient children," she cried, with angry blue eyes, as they impudently walked up to her with their heads held high, and Suey nursing her injured arm, which was red and swollen. "Did I give you permission to leave the cupboard?"

"No," they both answered together, as though they had planned it. "You did not, but we are never going to do what you tell us any more." Then came a pause. "We are both going right away from you," they added, fixing their round, angry eyes upon their mother with a look of scorn and reproach.

"We are going to find someone who will take care of us, and not let us lie in that horrid, dark cupboard, and never get so much as a breath of air," said Jennie, in a deep, solemn voice.

"And not slap us and beat us till we are ill," chimed in Suey, looking down at her injured arm.

Maisie stared at them both till her eyes couldn't stare any longer. Was it really possible that these two ill-mannered, impudent dolls were her meek Suey and Jennie?

"Oh, yes, you may well look surprised, but you need not think we are going to put up with your treatment any longer," said Suey, shaking her little sawdust body from side to side, and pointing her nose in the air.

"And did ever one see such a dirty old ragged pinafore?" said Jennie in a tone of disgust, as she trotted forward unsteadily on her shaky legs, holding out the soiled garment for Maisie's inspection. And then Maisie looked at them both, and instead of feeling angry and indignant she felt—ashamed! Oh, what poor, little neglected creatures they looked. Such matted, dusty-looking hair! And their poor little faces really looked as if they could do with a hard scrub; and when she looked down at Suey's arm a queer, hard lump came into her throat.

"I'll give you a clean pinafore three times a—a—week—if—if you will st—stay with me," she said, with a little choke in her voice, for she suddenly felt that she simply couldn't live without dear, gentle, little Jennie and merry, curly-headed Sue. Oh, what did it matter if they did have flat noses and wobbling heads, they were her own sweet, dear little babies, and she loved them above everything she had.

"Oh!" thought Maisie, "if only they will stay with me, Jennie shall have a little bonnet to hide the hole where the hair comes out, and Suey—she shall have a new pink frock with tucks and lace and frills. Oh, they would have lots of lovely things now!" for she could never, never live without them, and at the mere thought of such a thing tears sprang into Maisie's eyes.

"We'll never come back to you, never, never, *never!*" said Suey, giving her mother a last look full of reproach and injury.

"Never, never, *never!*" repeated Jennie, with dark, solemn eyes; and they took each other's hand and turned away.

"Oh—oh—oh, what *shall* I do without them?" cried Maisie, as she watched Suey's rickety little legs disappear round the corner.

"Su-ey, Su-ey, Jennie, Jennie," she cried entreatingly as she stretched out her arms; but they did not so much as turn to look at her.

Then she heard a faint tap, tap, tap, and she felt as if she were going right down, down, oh! such a queer, funny feeling, and the next minute she opened her eyes wide with a start and sat up in the bed.

"Oh, Suey, Jennie," she gasped in a frightened little voice, and she rubbed her eyes hard and stared at the darkness around her, and shivered. "Oh, Suey, Jennie," she murmured again, then, when her sleepy blue eyes were quite open and the dustman had run away, she remembered—it was all a dream, a horrid, fearful dream. But she still felt as though little Suey were shaking backwards and forwards in front of her with her tiny swollen arm.

"Oh, my darlings," she cried, jumping up and scrambling out of bed as she suddenly remembered that the poor little dollies were still shut up in the cupboard. "Oh, was mother cruel and cross and wicked!" she exclaimed in a soothing voice as she drew Jenny and Suey into her arms and hugged them warmly to her. "Was her arm bad and swollen?" she murmured, kissing Suey's limply hanging arm, and stroking her untidy little head. Oh, the kisses and hugs she bestowed upon the two little dolls, who were now smiling and happy, and Maisie felt that she had never known before how precious they were to her.

"They shall sleep with mother in her big white bed," she whispered, as she rocked them backwards and forwards in her arms, and very very soon the three happy little people were sleeping snugly in the little white bed, all cuddled together quite close and comfy. And when the little laughing sunbeams peeped in over the curtain the next morning, they frolicked up and down the walls, and chased each other in their glee, and kissed the dear rosy little sleepers in the small white bed.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

SEPT. 14 TO 20.—Work is still inclined to be slack in the garden, and my plans for the coming week are somewhat meagre.

My Garden Plans.

I find my dahlias now at their best, but they still need constant thinning to ensure fine blooms, particularly the cactus roots. By the way, chrysanthemums are coming on now nicely, and a very moderate thinning or disbudding is also necessary with this autumn favourite. This week I shall commence removing violets from their shady summer bed to a frame or pots for early blooms. A good many of my readers will have apples ready for gathering now, and I would remind them that if they have no special storage cupboard their fruit is best spread out on newspapers on the floor in a ventilated attic, or some such convenient place. The windfalls must on no account be mixed with the sound fruit, and in storing the apples should not be allowed to touch one another; in fact, the more they are spread out, the better. If you have potatoes in any quantity I should strongly advise you to store them in a "clamp" out of doors. Choose the highest and driest spot in your garden, and dig out a pit according to your requirements. Line this pit thoroughly with dry straw, and then lay in your potatoes. Taper off the heap so that it is smaller at the top than at the base, and cover the whole thickly with straw. Now throw up soil around this straw to a good depth, and "thatch" with a covering of turves, if possible, turned grass inwards. Potatoes in a well-made "clamp" will keep far better than if stored in other ways.

"This season the bramble crop will be immense," says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*. "Possibly it will be the largest on record, thanks to the damp, early summer. . . . Of late years blackberries have met a ready sale in London and other cities. Large quantities of the fruit are disposed of by West End fruiterers in punnets at fancy prices for dessert purposes and table decoration. During the autumn blackberries often realise more than Channel Island grapes, and retail fruiterers find them good money-makers. . . . Sweet acidulated bramble jam, when pure, is a great dainty, and that it is appreciated by the public is evident from the fact that, however large the stock that is provided by commercial jam factors, it is soon exhausted."

Blackberry Harvest.

It is always of interest to the keen amateur to study detail in connection with the garden, and the names of plants often mean more than at first meets the eye. For instance, take the case of the Jerusalem artichoke; the reference to the Holy City is quite pointless, for the term comes from the Italian *girn solio* (to turn towards the sun). This form of artichoke is, in fact, of the same family as the sunflower, following with its head the course of the sun—just as the familiar garden flower does. Other families take their names from their discoverers; for example, we get "dahlia" from Professor Dahl, and "fuchsia" from Professor Fuchs. On the other hand, the names of most plant families come from the Greek or Latin words signifying something respecting the plant. Broadly speaking, too, in the sub-divisions of plant life those bearing white or light-coloured flowers have feminine names; those with dark flowers masculine names. For example, in sweet peas, "Dorothy Eckford" is one of the purest of white whilst "Lord Rosebery" is a dark rosy crimson. The same rule applies to dahlias, roses, and most other flowers. Names of fruits and vegetables are usually in honour of some individual, and the Dutch have a quaint way of making the initials of their names tell colour. "William the Conqueror" would thus give white and crimson, "Charming Phyllis," crimson and purple, and so on.

Names of Plants.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

HENRY JENKINS (Walsall).—Too early yet to sow sweet-peas—at least, for the amateur. The professional and the exhibitor may, perhaps, sow in September; but I do not advise you to take such a course. The game is not worth the candle.

W. ABBOTSON (Devizes).—Leave your auratum and tiger-lily bulbs in the ground. They should be deep enough to enable you to stir the surface of the soil. These bulbs usually need breaking up only once in three or four years.

SMALL HOLDINGS (Bedford).—For list of farms to let you should send two stamps to Messrs. Rutter, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C. I believe the monthly list of this well-known firm often contains particulars of 2000 farms, at least, to be let or sold.

K. HATCHELOR (Sittingbourne).—You would get a first-class small incubator for 30s. or £2. These appliances are not nearly so expensive as they were. (2) Write to the hotels direct regarding your idea for supplying poultry regularly. You will find that some hotels buy by the lb. weight, others at so much per bird not under a stipulated weight. (3) Carefully packed, an average fowl, dressed for use, would cost 6d. to send by Parcels Post.

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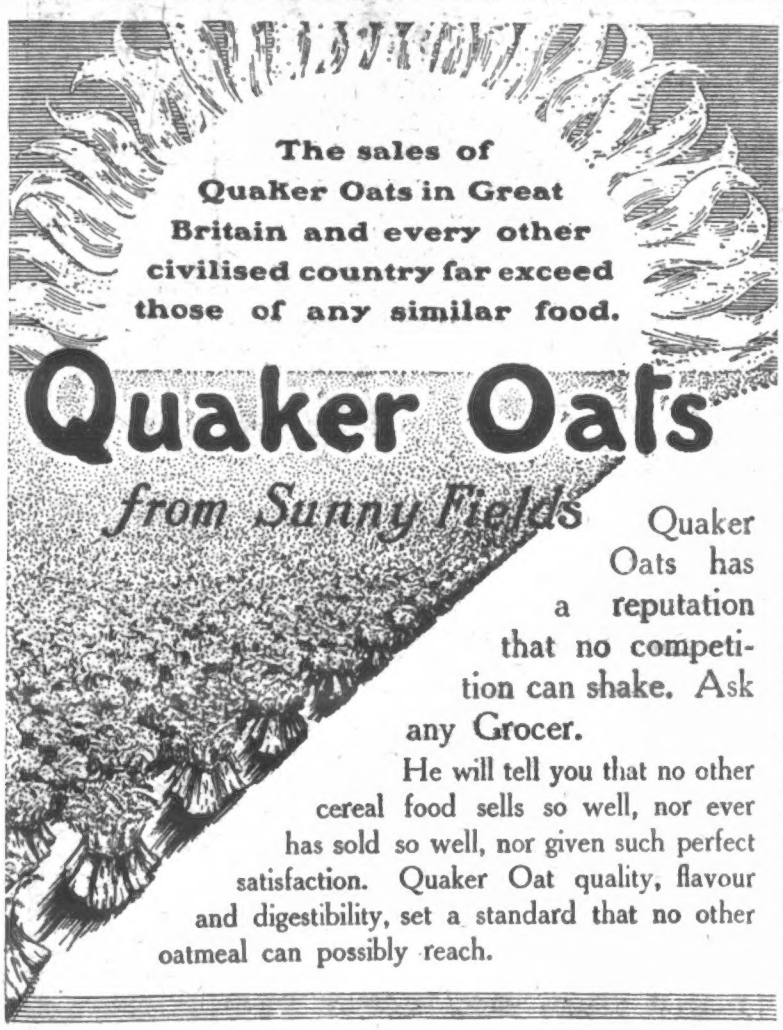

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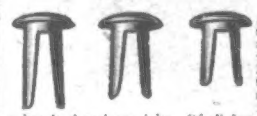

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